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STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

COMICS

10¢

APRIL

No. 28

BLACKHAWK

SUFFERS THE
TORTURES OF THE
DAMNED

in The
"Dungeon of DOOM!"





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-OLOGY

THE HOME TRAINER

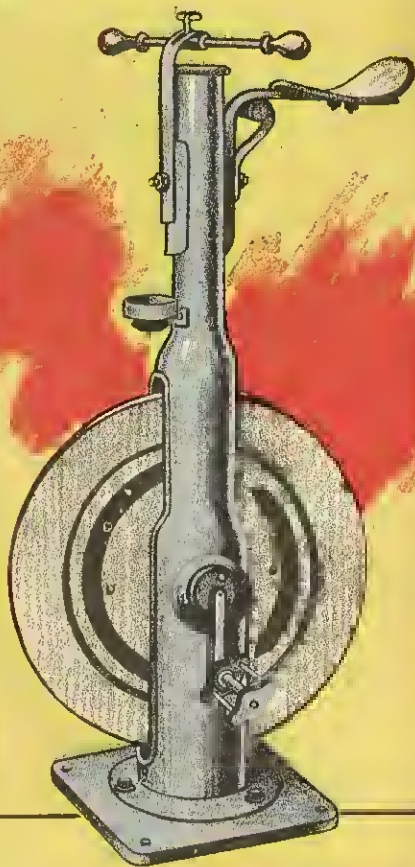
THIS MACHINE WAS WIDELY USED DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF CYCLING BY RACING ENTHUSIASTS FOR PRACTICING AT HOME. A LITTLE BELL RANG AT THE END OF EACH MILE OF RIDING —



"HANDLE BARS" THE FIRST STEERING APPARATUS FOR BICYCLES WAS JUST WHAT THE NAME IMPLIED — A HANDLE BAR, A PLAIN METAL BAR FOR HANDLING THE BICYCLE —



ORIGINAL FLYING SCOT,
GAVIN DALZELL OF LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND IS GENERALLY CONCEDED TO BE THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PRESENT DAY REAR-DRIVE BICYCLE. IT WAS FIRST USED AROUND 1840



THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE-

FAMOUS FOR ITS EXTRA LARGE BRAKING SURFACE — HAS LIVED THROUGH MANY, MANY CHANGES IN BICYCLE CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN. SERVING ON "VICTORY" BICYCLES* TODAY, AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW," IT IS HELPING TO SPEED THE DAY OF FINAL VICTORY.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

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MILITARY COMICS

ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND

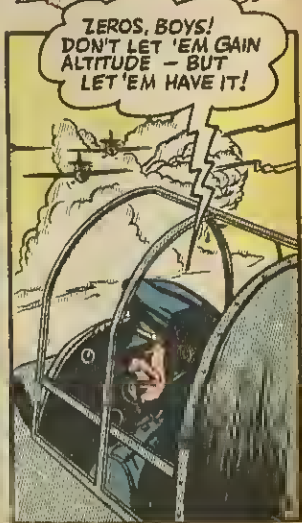
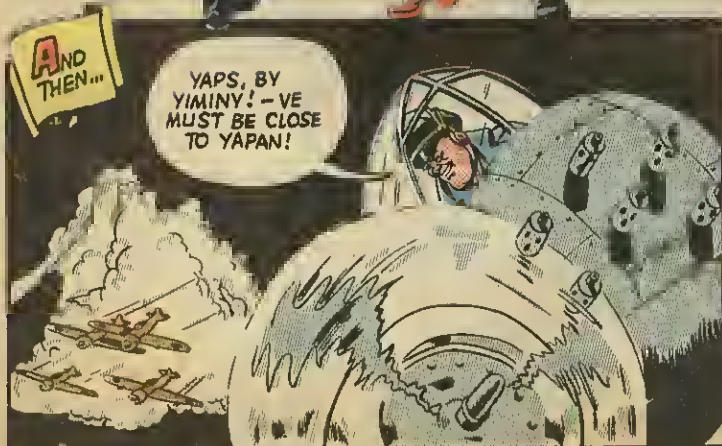
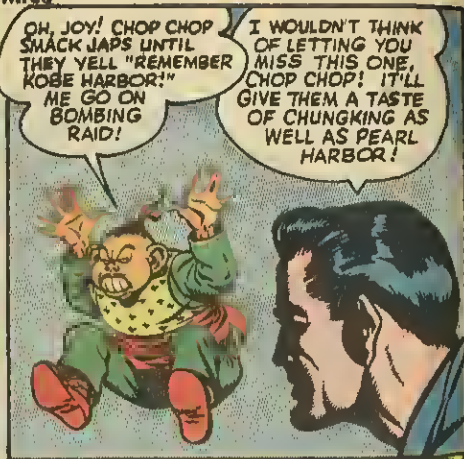
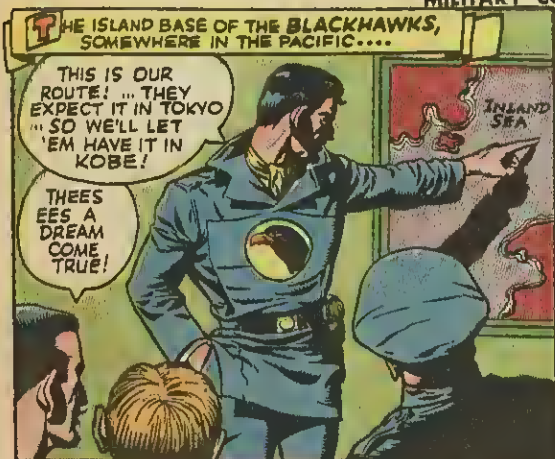
Section **1.**

BLACKHAWK

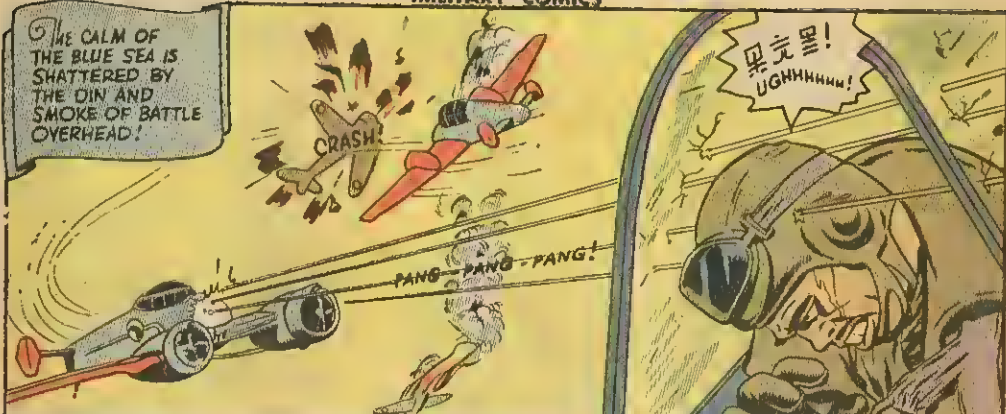


Just how much PAIN
can Man endure?

IN A FILTHY JAP PRISON, BLACKHAWK
MEETS A MAN WHOSE IDEALS OF
JUSTICE HELP SOOTHE HIS TORTURED
BODY ... AND BLACKHAWK, TOO,
SUFFERS THE TORTURES OF THE
DAMNED, KNOWING THAT SOMEDAY
THE TORTURERS WILL BE
PAID IN FULL!!



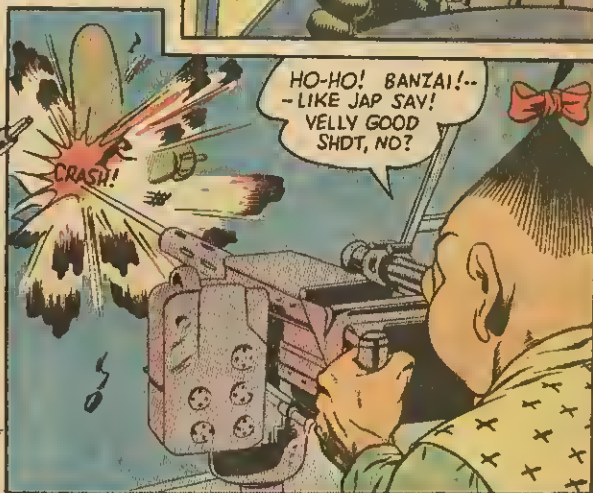
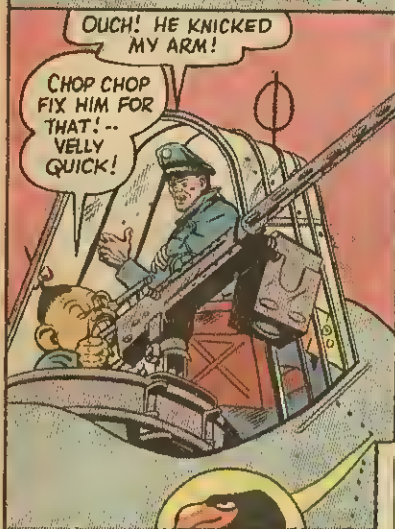
THE CALM OF THE BLUE SEA IS SHATTERED BY THE DIN AND SMOKE OF BATTLE OVERHEAD!



THE BLACKHAWKS UNVEIL A SURPRISE FOR THE NIPS! --- A REAR TURRET!

OUCH! HE KNICKED MY ARM!

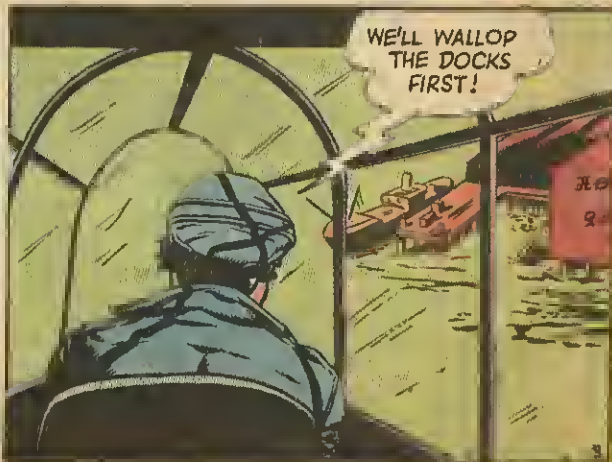
CHOP CHOP FIX HIM FOR THAT! -- VELLY QUICK!

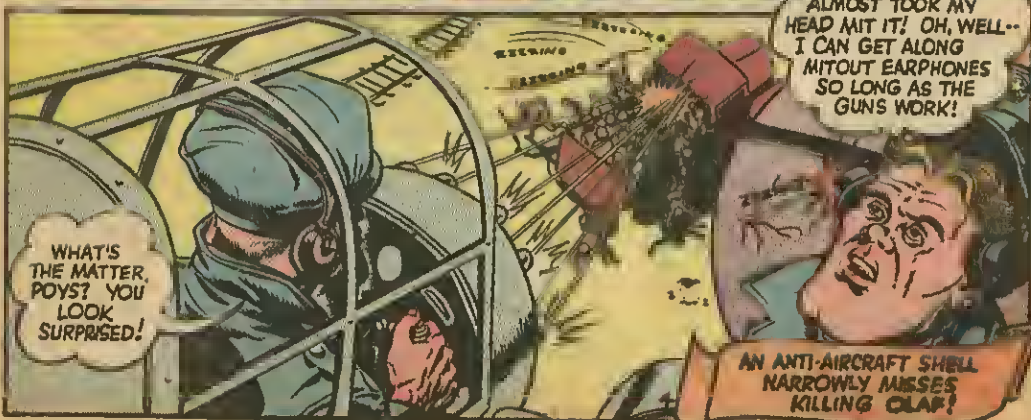
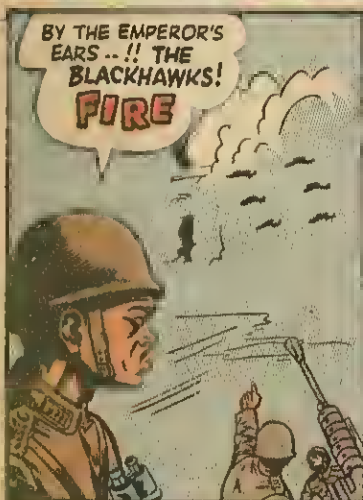
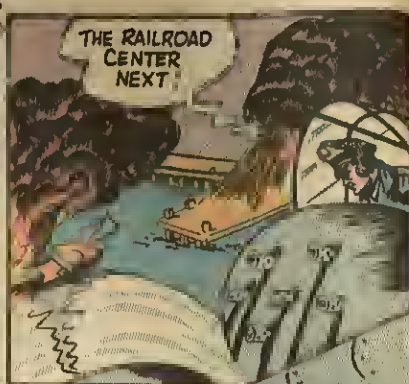


KOBE NEXT STOP!



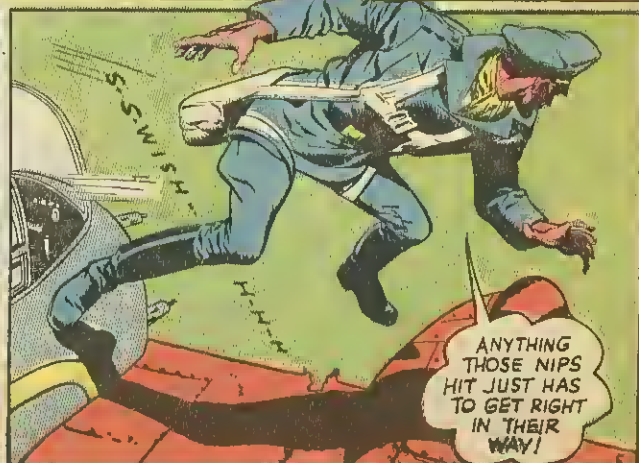
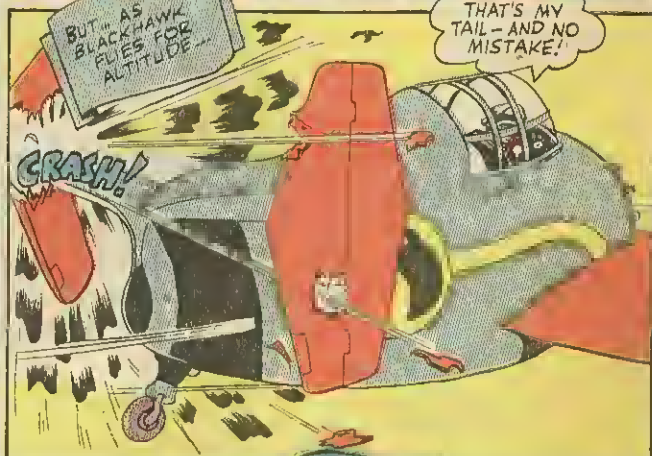
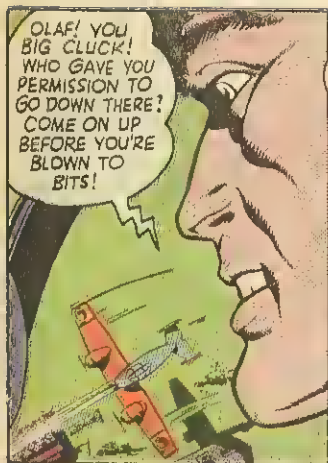
WE'LL WALLOP THE DOCKS FIRST!

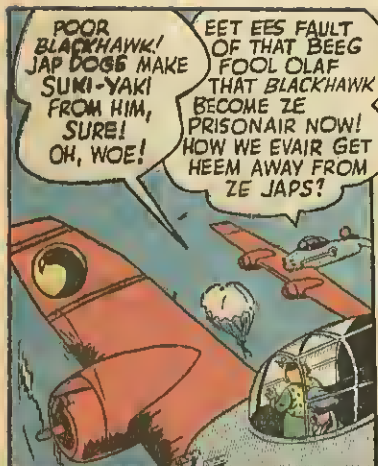




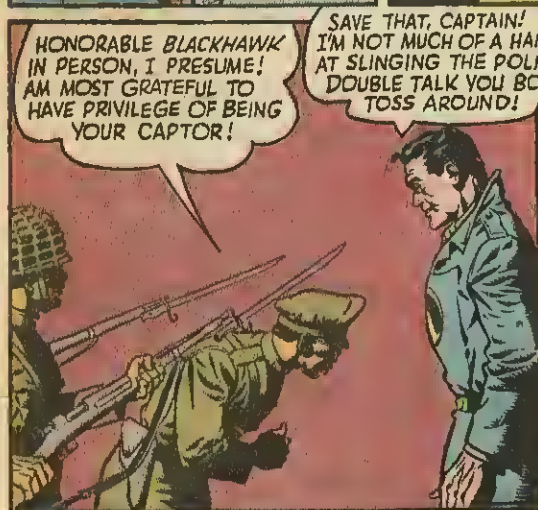
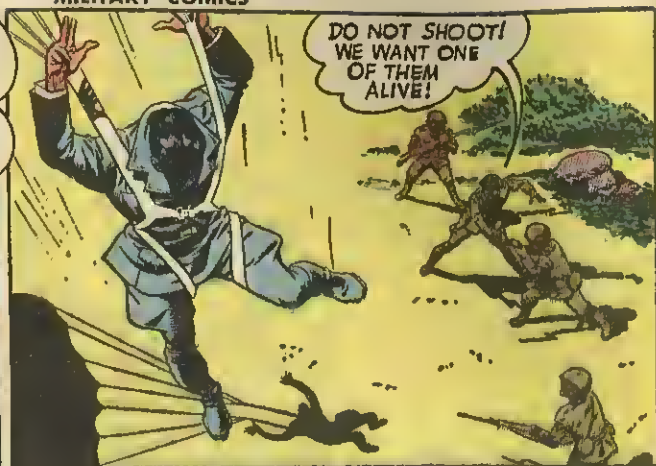
GOLLY! IT ALMOST TOOK MY HEAD HIT IT! OH, WELL... I CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT EARPHONES SO LONG AS THE GUNS WORK!

AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL NARROWLY MISSES KILLING OLAF!

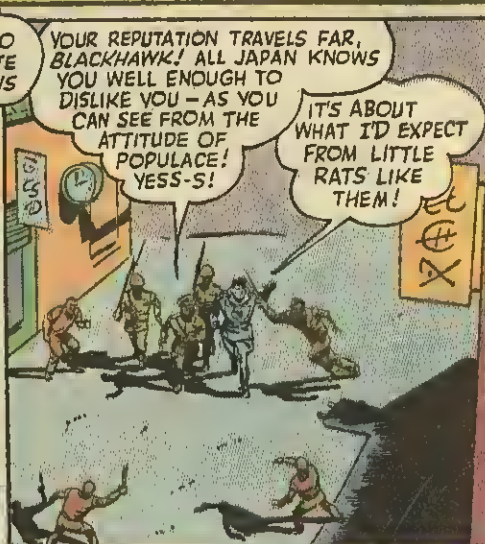




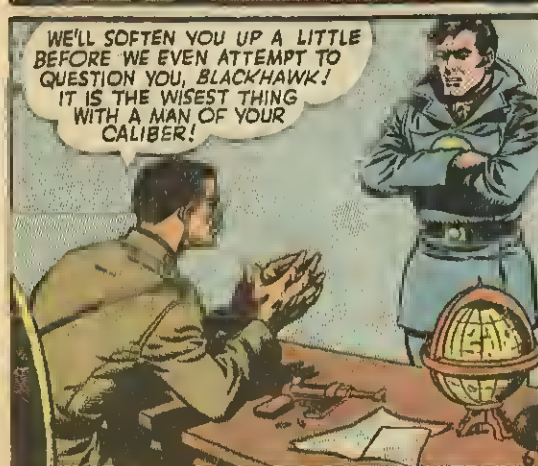
EET EES FAULT OF THAT BEEG FOOL OLAF THAT BLACKHAWK BECOME ZE PRISONAIR NOW! HOW WE EVAIR GET HEEM AWAY FROM ZE JAPS!



SAVE THAT, CAPTAIN! I'M NOT MUCH OF A HANO AT SLINGING THE POLITE DOUBLE TALK YOU BOYS TOSS AROUND!

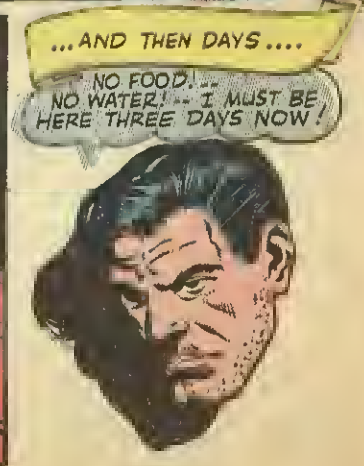
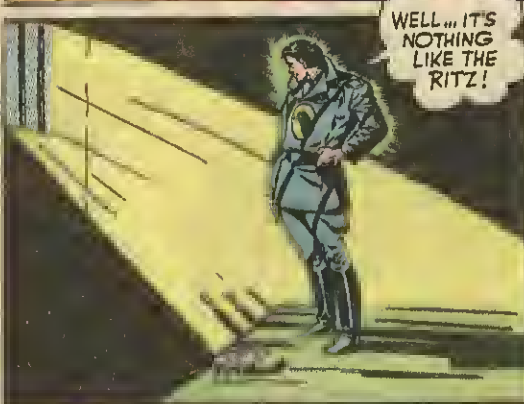
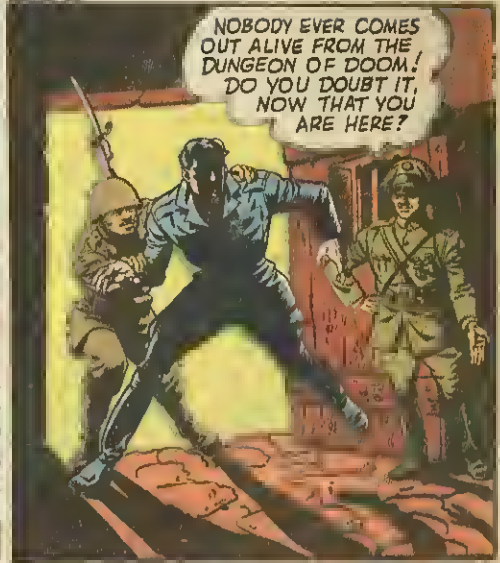


IT'S ABOUT WHAT I'D EXPECT FROM LITTLE RATS LIKE THEM!



DUNGEON OF DOOM! GULP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, NIPS? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU THINK I MIGHT NOT LIKE IT THERE!



MILITARY COMICS

... DAYS WHICH RUN ON
ENDLESSLY, FOR THERE IS
NO LIGHT AND DARK TO EACH
DAY ... ONLY A DEADENING,
CONTINUOUS NIGHT! ...

WATER!

WATER!

AT LAST, WHEN **BLACKHAWK**
FEELS HIMSELF STARING
INTO THE HOLLOW EYES
OF DEATH ...

SOMEBODY'S...
... COMING!
... WATER!

GREETINGS, **BLACKHAWK**!
YOU DO NOT LOOK QUITE AS
DEFIANT AS YOU DID WHEN WE
LAST MET! YOU WOULD
PERHAPS LIKE TO
SPEAK WITH
ME NOW!

I AM SURE YOU
HAVE A GREAT DEAL
TO SAY TO
US!

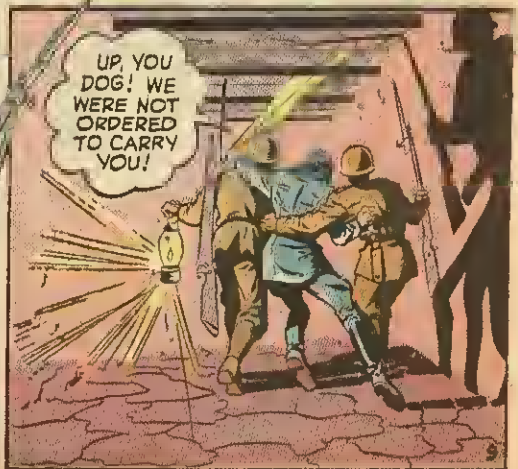
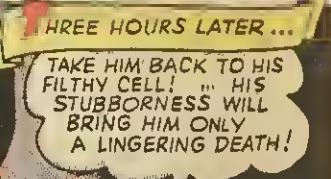
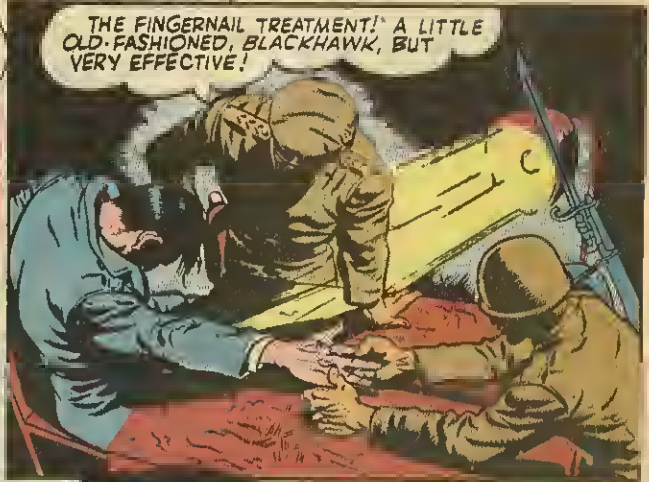
WHERE IS THE
BASE FROM WHICH
YOUR PLANES
TOOK OFF?

DON'T WASTE YOUR
TIME, COLONEL!
I'M SURE IT'S
TOO VALUABLE!

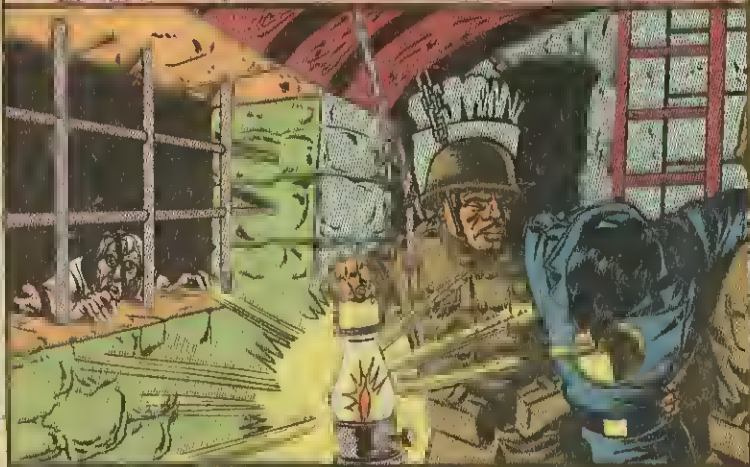
NO DOUBT YOU
WOULD LIKE A
GLASS OF WATER
BEFORE YOU
SPEAK!

Y--YES!

BUT ... FIRST...
THE LOCATION
OF THE
BASE!



AS BLACKHAWK IS DRAGGED DOWN THE CELL BLOCK, STRANGE EYES WATCH HIM THROUGH THE BARS OF A CELL DOOR



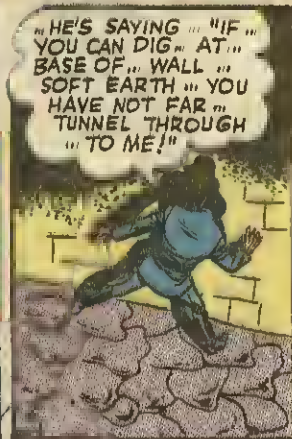
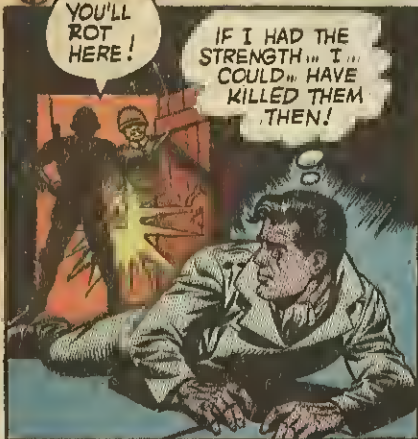
YOU'LL ROT HERE!

IF I HAD THE STRENGTH... I COULD HAVE KILLED THEM THEN!

SUDDENLY...

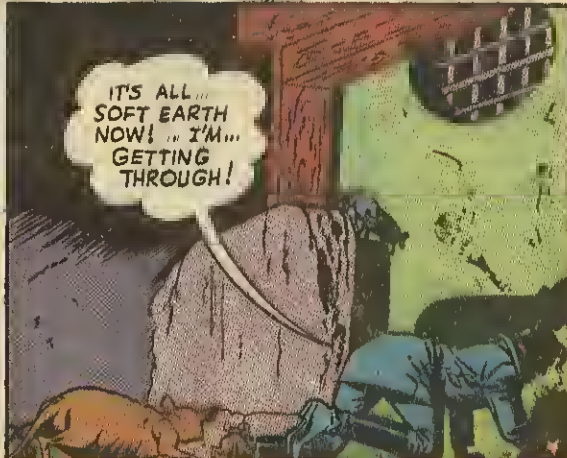
SOMEBODY'S... TAPPING THE WALL... SOUNDS LIKE CODE! IT'S MORSE!

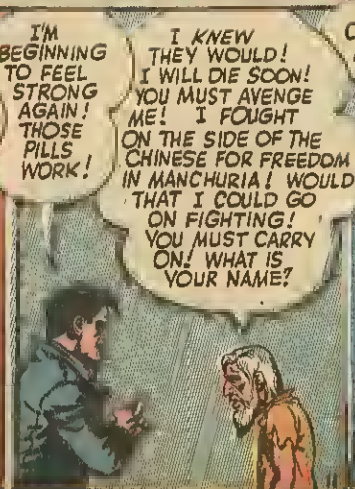
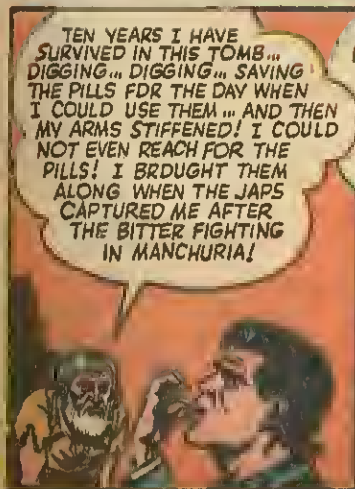
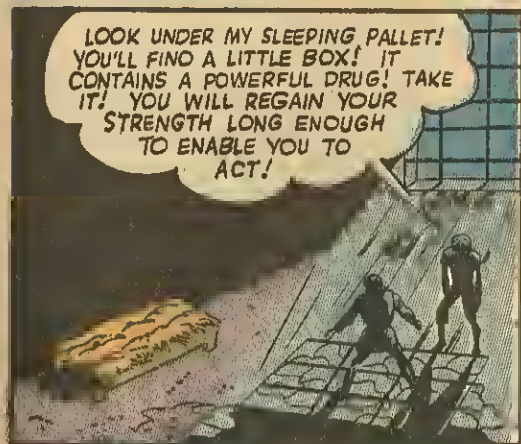
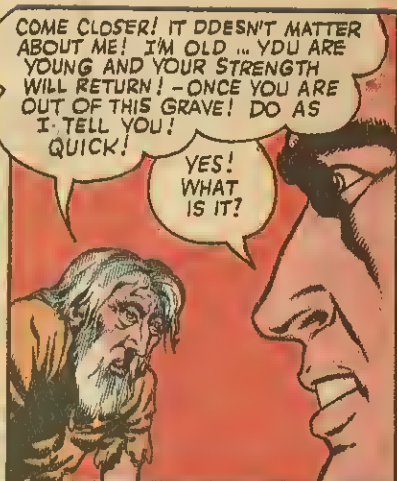
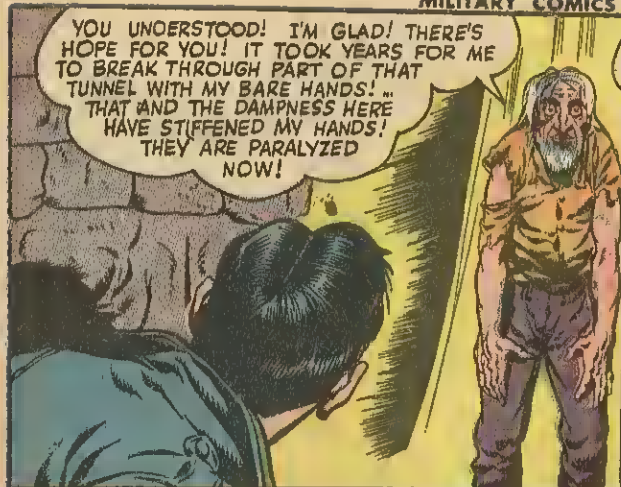
HE'S SAYING... "IF YOU CAN DIG AT BASE OF WALL... SOFT EARTH... YOU HAVE NOT FAR TUNNEL THROUGH TO ME!"

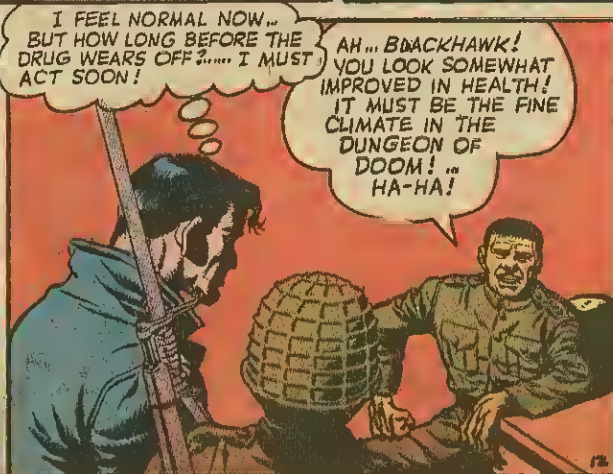
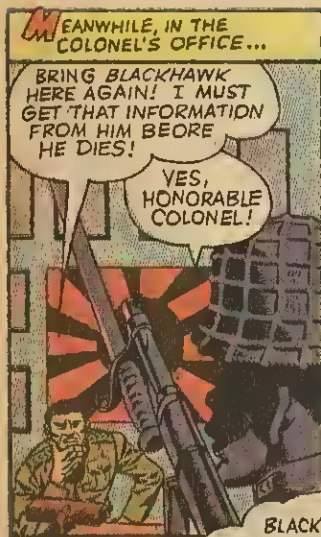


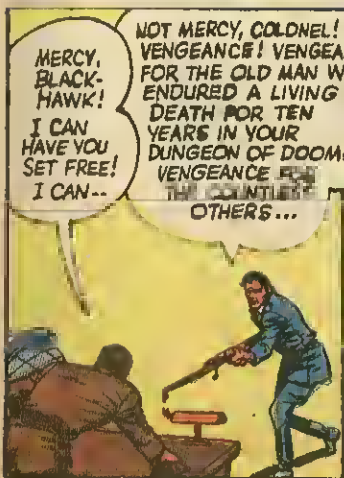
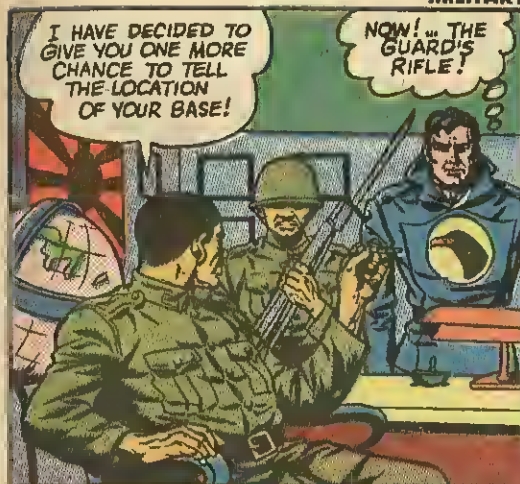
CONCRETE'S BROKEN! LUCKY... I TOOK THE KNIFE!

IT'S ALL SOFT EARTH NOW! I'M GETTING THROUGH!



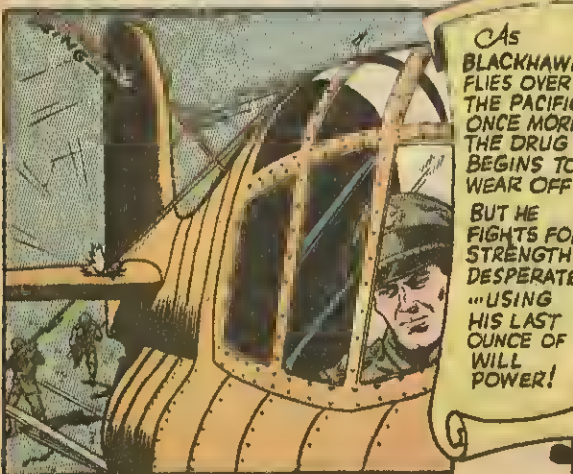
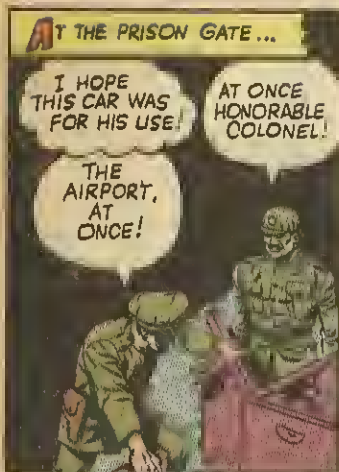




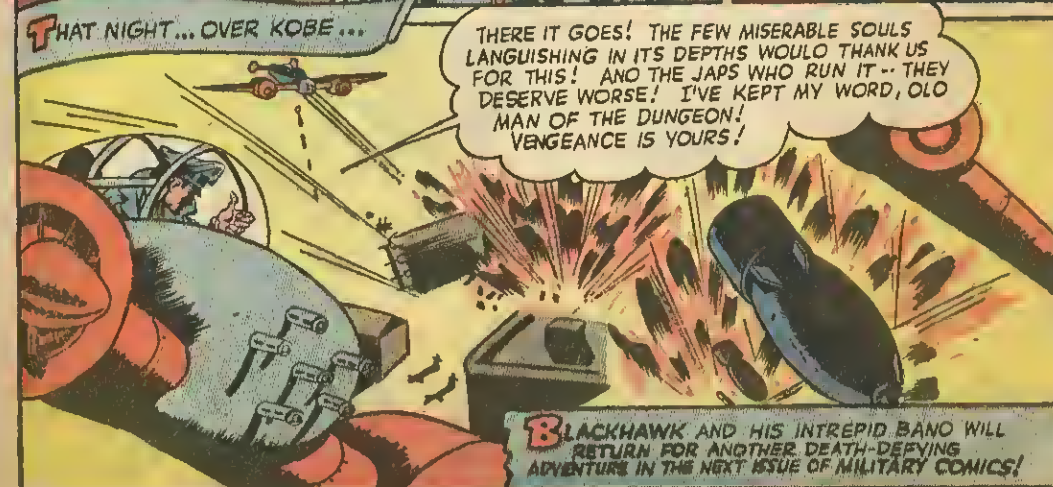
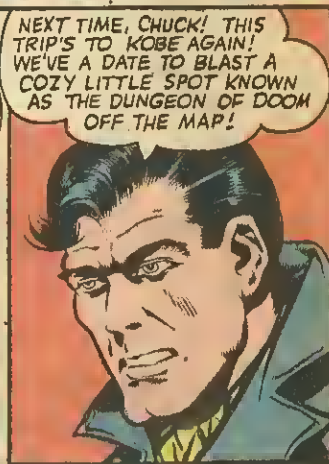
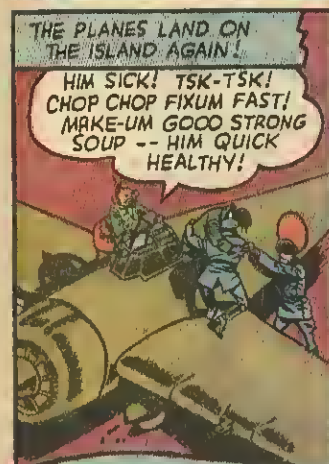
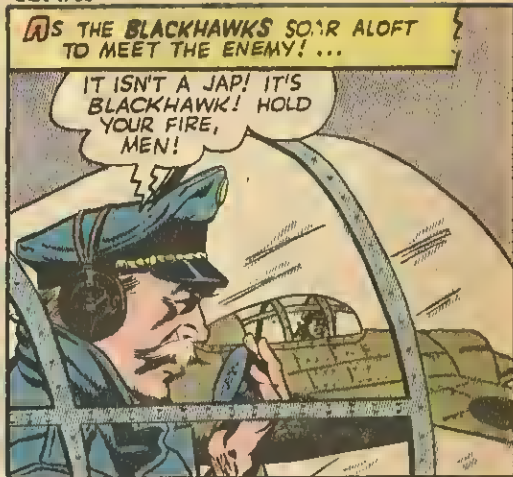
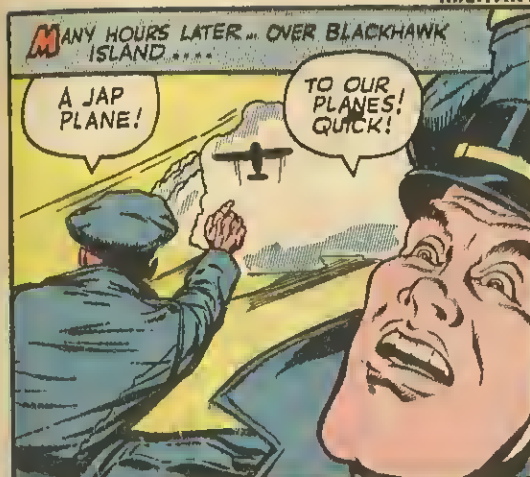


NOT MERCY, COLONEL!
VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE
FOR THE OLD MAN WHO
ENDURED A LIVING
DEATH FOR TEN
YEARS IN YOUR
DUNGEON OF DOOM!
VENGEANCE FOR
THE COUNTRY
OTHERS...



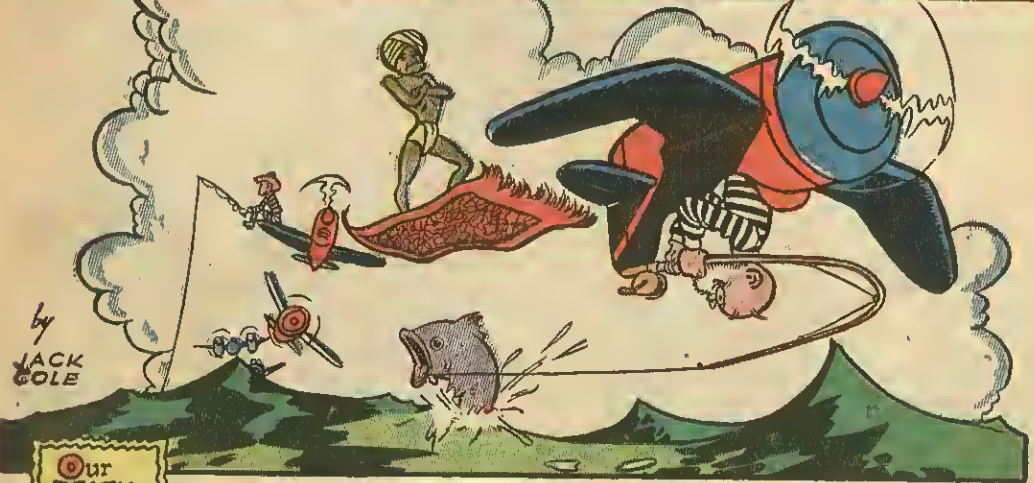
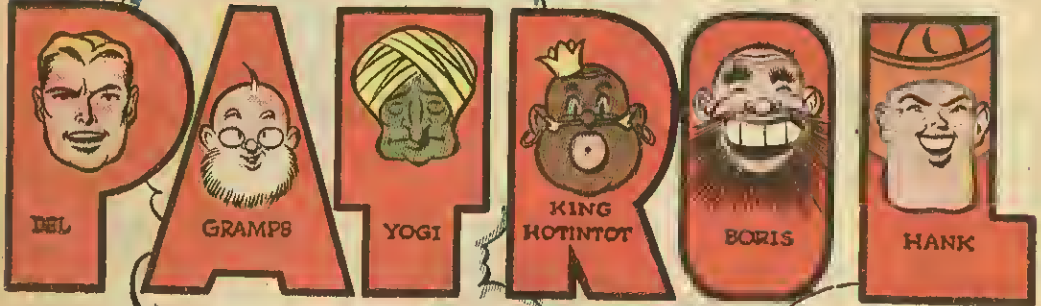


As BLACKHAWK FLIES OVER THE PACIFIC ONCE MORE, THE DRUG BEGINS TO WEAR OFF! BUT HE FIGHTS FOR STRENGTH... DESPERATELY... USING HIS LAST OUNCE OF WILL POWER!



MILITARY COMICS

DEATH



by
JACK
COLE

Our
DEATH
PATROL
is on a
secret
mission
some-
where
over the
Pacific...

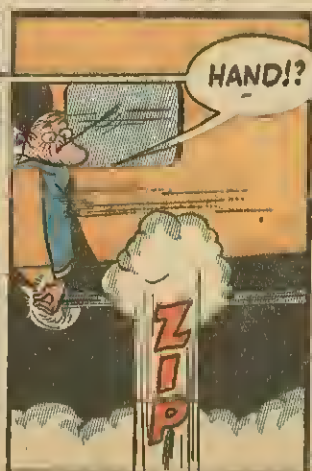
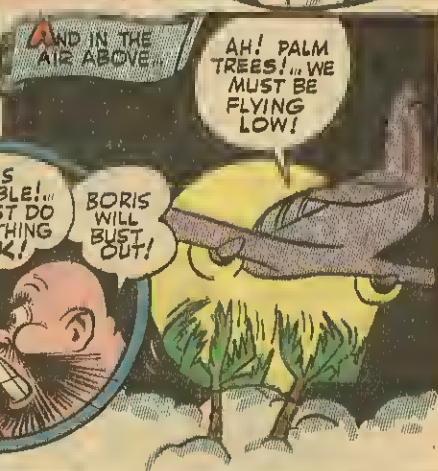
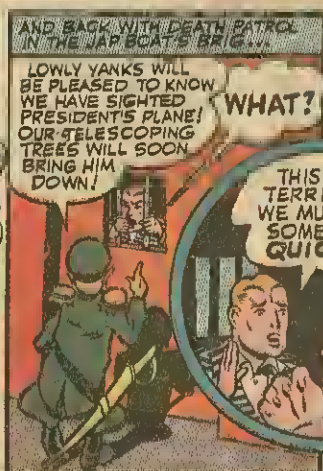
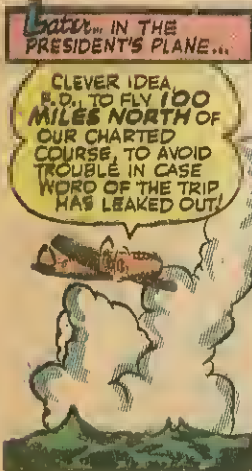
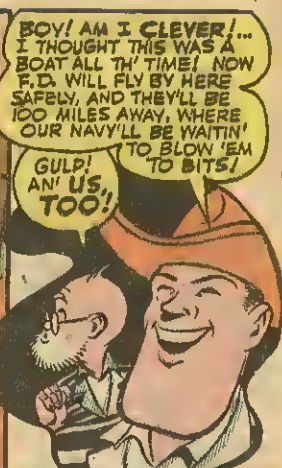
DO MY
PEEPERS
DECEIVE ME
OR IS IT--
IS IT...

IT
IS!!

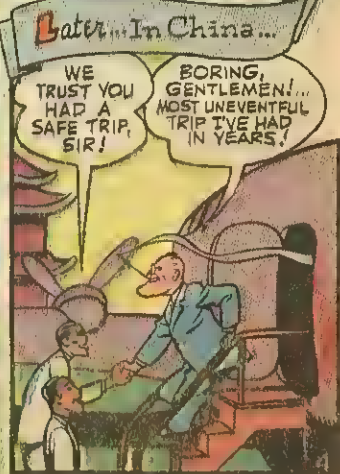
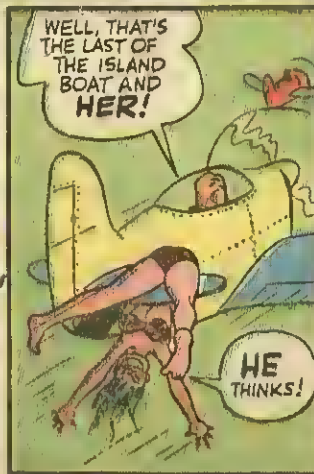
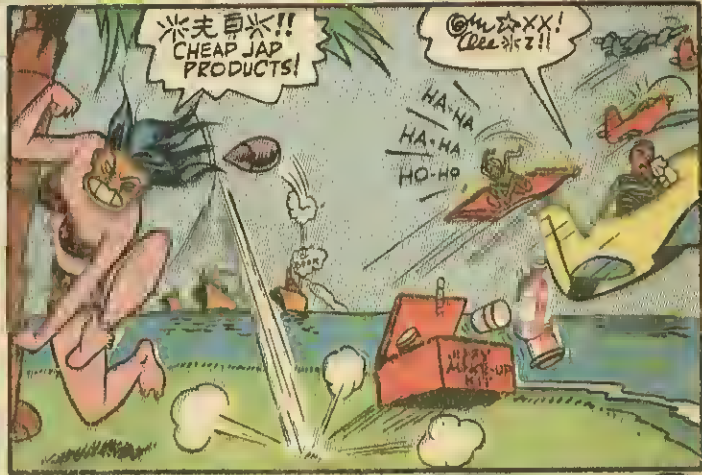
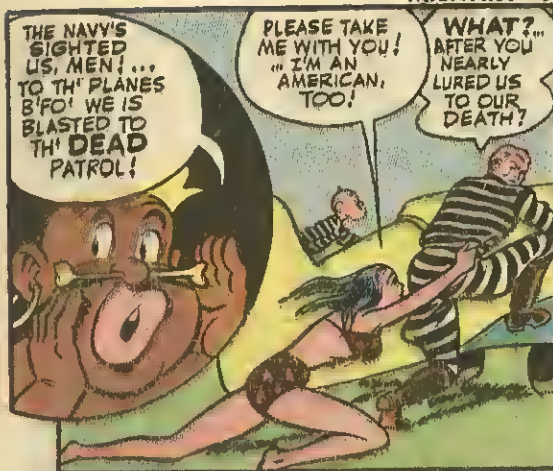
DROP
BELOW, GANG!
SOMEONE'S
STRANDED
ON THAT
ISLAND
BELOW!



MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS

The Sniper

by
VERNON
HENKEL



NO MAN WHO WENT DOWN INTO THE VALLEY EVER RETURNED! WHAT GHASTLY SECRET LAY HIDDEN IN THAT ONCE-SMILING LAND? WHY WAS **DEATH** THE ONLY PASSPORT FOR THOSE WHO WISHED TO VISIT IT?... GO WITH **THE SNIPER** ON HIS MISSION OF MYSTERY, AS HE CROSSES SWOROS WITH HIS OLD ENEMY, **SURATAI**, AT THE GATEWAY TO THE FORBIDDEN VALLEY OF DEATH!



I SAW
IT! -- AND
I CAME BACK
ALIVE!



AAAAH!



SNIPER!
LOOK!!



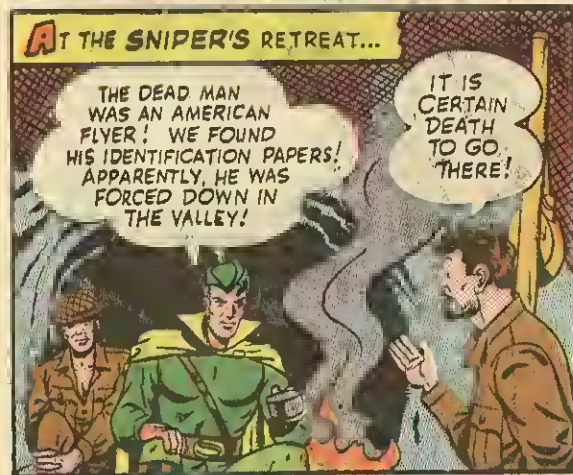
THE VALLEY...
I SAW THE
VALLEY...OF
DEATH...

HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
WOUNDED!
... THERE
ISN'T A
MARK ON
HIM!



HE'S
DEAD!

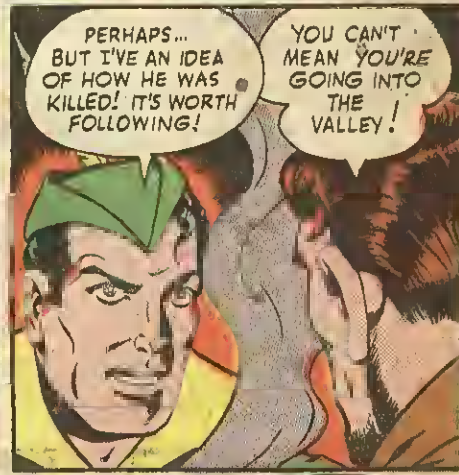
LIKE ALL MEN
WHO HAVE SEEN
THE VALLEY OF
DEATH! IT'S
A MIRACLE THAT
HE EVEN CAME
OUT AGAIN!



AT THE SNIPER'S RETREAT...

THE DEAD MAN
WAS AN AMERICAN
FLYER! WE FOUND
HIS IDENTIFICATION PAPERS!
APPARENTLY, HE WAS
FORCED DOWN IN
THE VALLEY!

IT IS
CERTAIN
DEATH
TO GO
THERE!

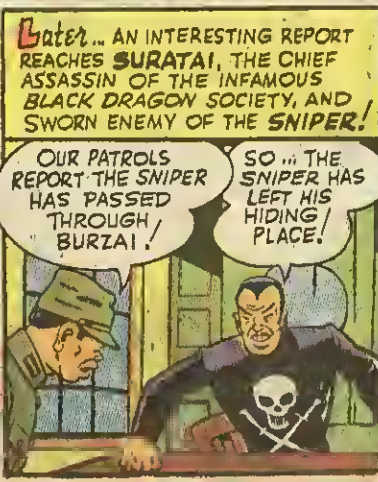


PERHAPS...
BUT I'VE AN IDEA
OF HOW HE WAS
KILLED! IT'S WORTH
FOLLOWING!

YOU CAN'T
MEAN YOU'RE
GOING INTO
THE
VALLEY!



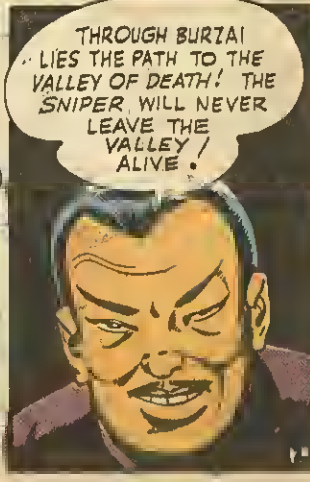
EXACTLY!
I SHOULD BE
BACK IN TWO DAYS!
AND I HOPE IT
WON'T BE AS
A CORPSE.



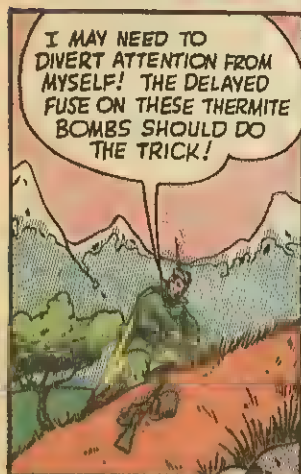
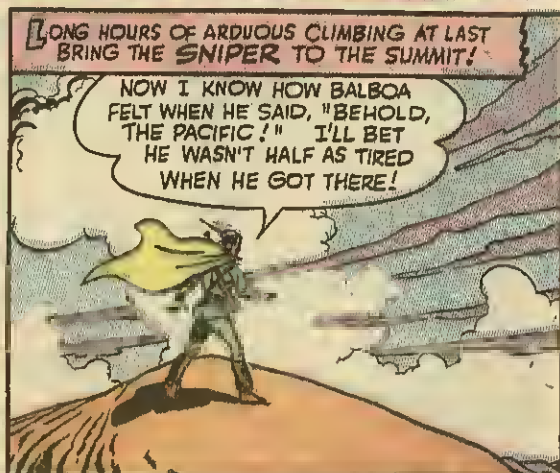
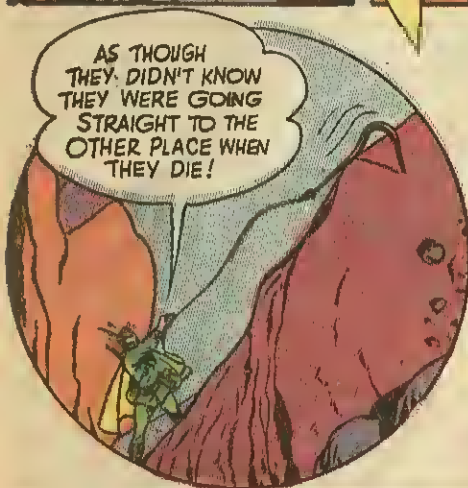
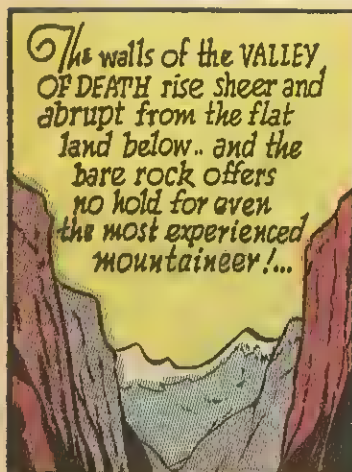
**Later... AN INTERESTING REPORT
REACHES SURATAI, THE CHIEF
ASSASSIN OF THE INFAMOUS
BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY, AND
SWORN ENEMY OF THE SNIPER!**

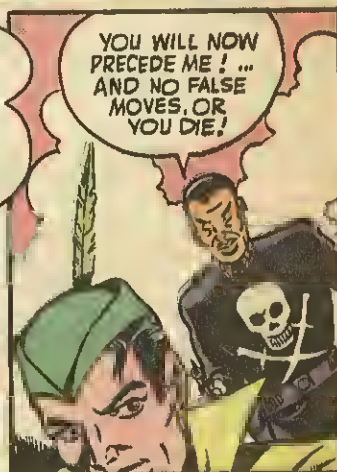
OUR PATROLS
REPORT THE SNIPER
HAS PASSED
THROUGH/
BURZAI.

SO... THE
SNIPER HAS
LEFT HIS
HIDING/
PLACE!



THROUGH BURZAI
LIES THE PATH TO THE
VALLEY OF DEATH! THE
SNIPER WILL NEVER
LEAVE THE
VALLEY!
ALIVE.



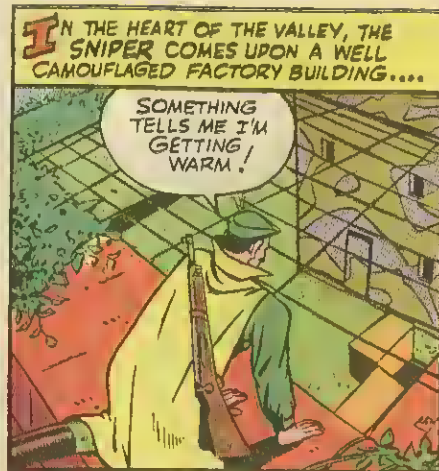




I HOPE
YOU SLEEP
WELL!

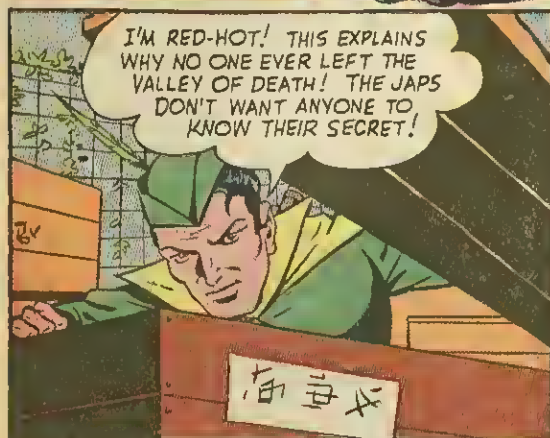


BUT I
KNOW YOU'LL
WAKE UP WITH
A TERRIBLE
HANGOVER!

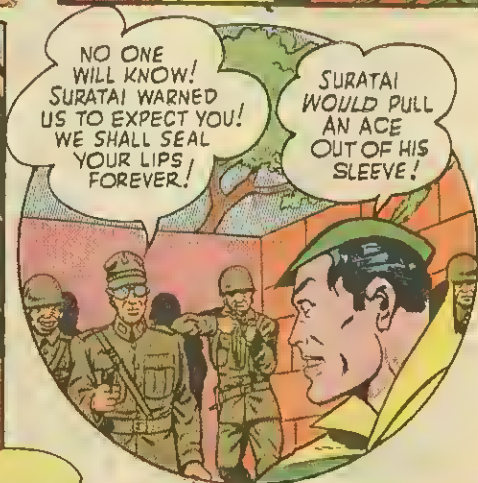


IN THE HEART OF THE VALLEY, THE
SNIPER COMES UPON A WELL
CAMOUFLAGED FACTORY BUILDING....

SOMETHING
TELLS ME I'M
GETTING
WARM!



I'M RED-HOT! THIS EXPLAINS
WHY NO ONE EVER LEFT THE
VALLEY OF DEATH! THE JAPS
DON'T WANT ANYONE TO
KNOW THEIR SECRET!



NO ONE
WILL KNOW!
SURATAI WARNED
US TO EXPECT YOU!
WE SHALL SEAL
YOUR LIPS
FOREVER!

SURATAI
WOULD PULL
AN ACE
OUT OF HIS
SLEEVE!



MINUTES LATER, THE SNIPER
STARES UNFLINCHINGLY AT THE
GUNS OF A FIRING SQUAD!...

IT IS
UNFORTUNATE
THAT SURATAI
CANNOT BE
HERE TO
ENJOY
THIS.

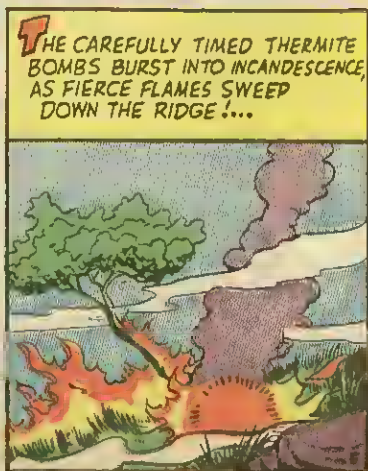
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S
THE KIND OF SCENE
THAT BLOOD-THIRSTY
DEVIL WOULD APPRECIATE!

IT'S ABOUT
TIME FOR THAT
"DIVERSION"
TO HAPPEN!



Suddenly...

**光重!!
FIRE!**



THE CAREFULLY TIMED THERMITE
BOMBS BURST INTO INCANDESCENCE,
AS FIERCE FLAMES SWEEP
DOWN THE RIDGE!...

AND, WHILE THE SOLDIERS HASTILY SCATTER TO COMBAT THE THREATENING FLAMES, THE SNIPER FLASHES INTO ACTION!

YOUR FELLOW RATS DESERTED YOU!

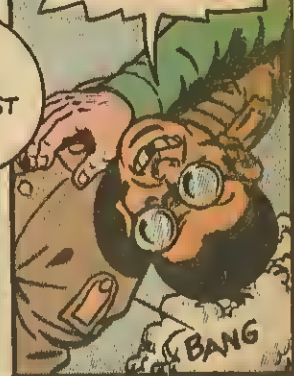


NOW... TELL ME... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE CYLINDERS IN THOSE PACKING CASES?

PLANES COME!... THEY TAKE BOMBS TO MOUNTAINS... BLAST OUT GUERRILLA FIGHTERS!



RIEE!



SO DIE ALL TRAITORS!

I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!



I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN!



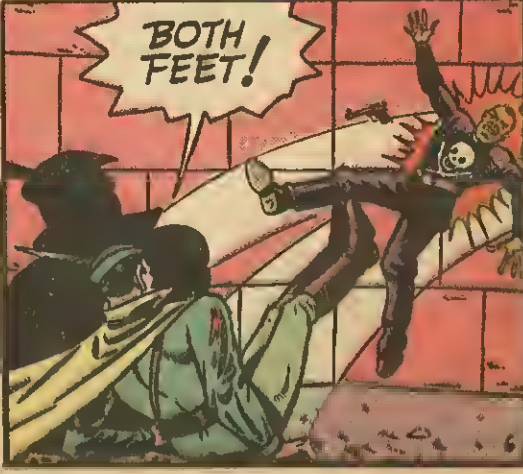
YOU ARE WOUNDED! NO MAN CAN DEFEAT SURATAI WITH ONLY ONE HAND!

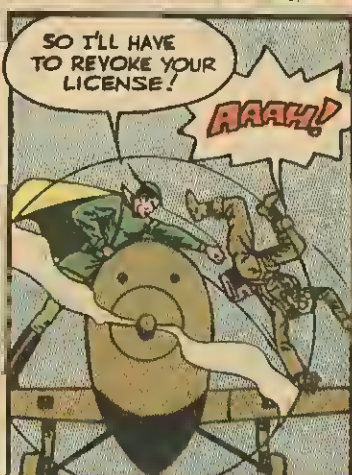
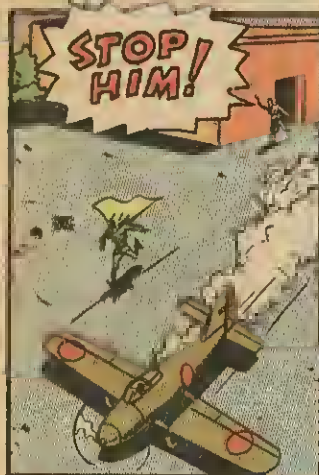


THEN HOW ABOUT...



BOTH FEET!



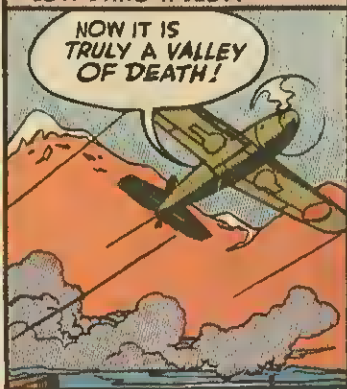


MILITARY COMICS

IN THE FACTORY COURTYARD BELOW, JAPANESE SOLDIERS DIE IN THE GRIP OF THEIR OWN FIENDISH WEAPON!



WHILE THE BILLLOWING CLOUDS OF DEADLY GAS CHOKED THE LOW LYING VALLEY!



NOW IT IS TRULY A VALLEY OF DEATH!

LATER, AT THE SNIPER'S MOUNTAIN RETREAT...



I HEAR A PLANE!

A JAP!



I'D BETTER BAIL OUT BEFORE MY MEN START TAKING POT-SHOTS AT THIS JALOPY!



THE SNIPER!

I BORROWED A JAP PLANE AND CAME HOME IN STYLE! BUT I'M A LITTLE WORSE FOR WEAR!



WHAT NIGHT...

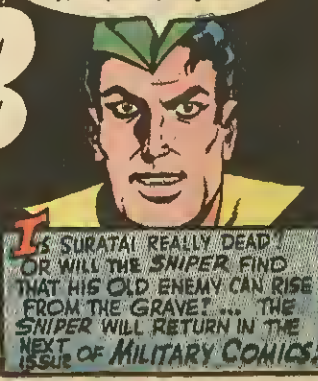
THE JAPS PLANNED TO DRIVE US OUT OF THE HILLS BY USING GAS! BUT THEY KNEW THAT IF THEIR SECRET WAS DISCOVERED, OUR AIRMEN WOULD RETALIATE AGAINST JAPAN, ITSELF!

THAT'S WHY THEY ALLOWED NO ONE TO LEAVE THE VALLEY OF DEATH! THEY DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW THE TRUTH!

BUT WHY DID YOU GO TO THE VALLEY IN THE FIRST PLACE?

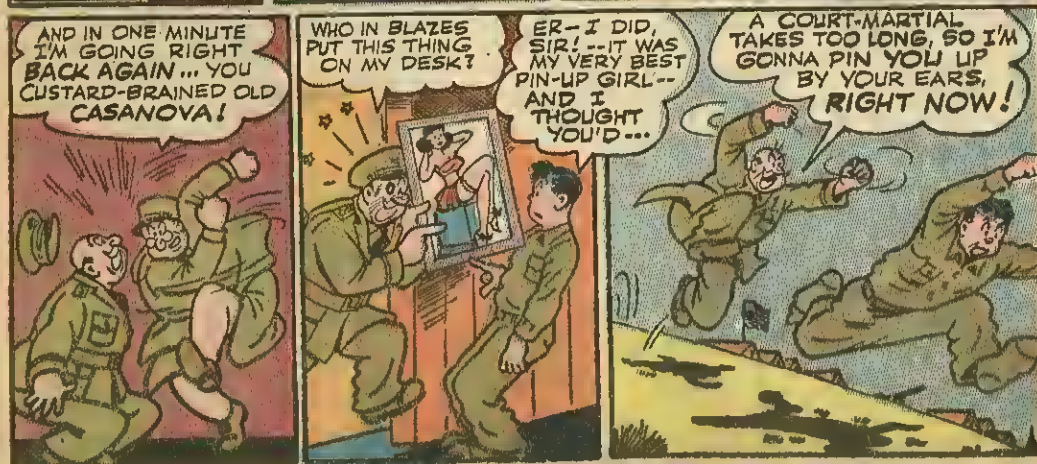
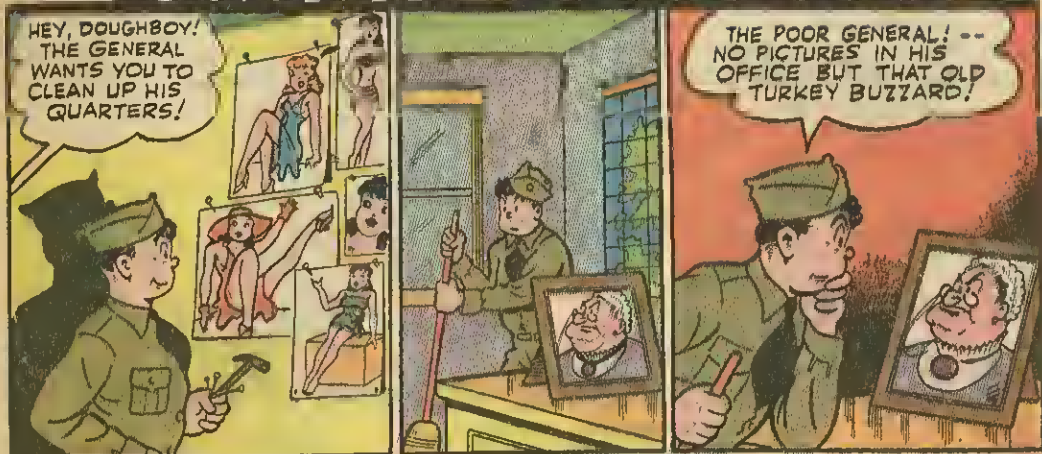
BECAUSE THE AMERICAN FLYER WE FOUND DIDN'T HAVE A MARK ON HIS BODY! HE DIED OF GAS POISONING!

SURATAI WAS IN THE VALLEY! HE DIED WITH THE OTHERS! SO THAT ENDS OUR FEUD, ONCE AND FOR ALL!



IS SURATAI REALLY DEAD? OR WILL THE SNIPER FIND THAT HIS OLD ENEMY CAN RISE FROM THE GRAVE? ... THE SNIPER WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE DOGTAG



AWRIGHT, MEN - I'M
CALLIN' FER A VOLUNTEER!
SOME SOLDIER WHO
WANTS TO MEET A
GOOD-LOOKING
OAME!

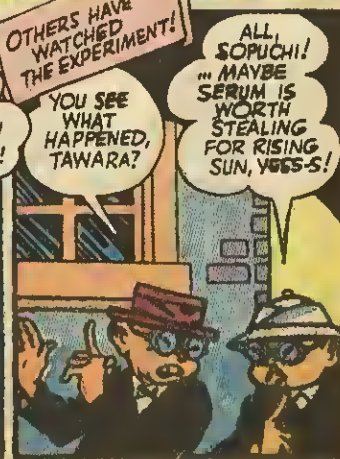
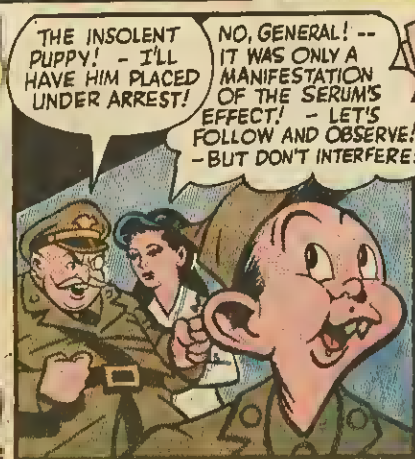
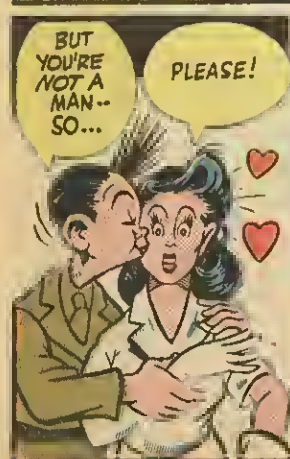
I'LL VOLUNTEER,
SERGEANT! YOU
KNOW HOW I ADMIRE
PRETTY GIRLS - I
WISH THEY ADMIR'D
ME, TOO!

OKAY, DOGTAG!
TAKE THIS PAPER
AND REPORT TO
THE LABORATORY
AT BUILDING X-G-3,
AREA 9! GET
GOING!

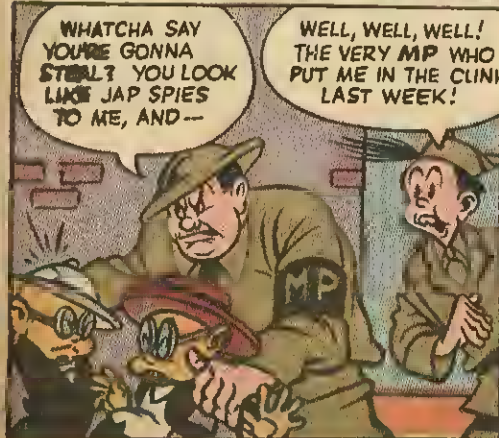
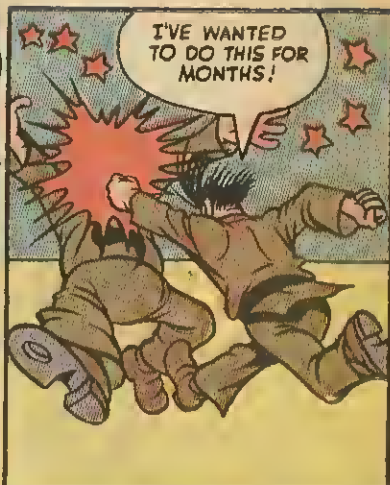
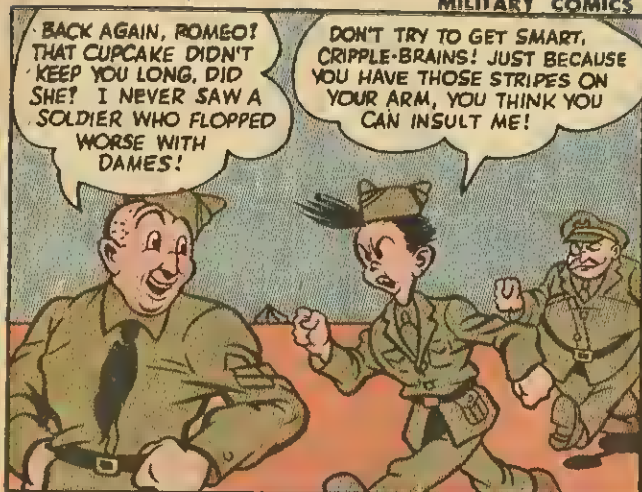
YOU ARE
THE
VOLUNTEER?
COME
IN!

S-SS-SAY! ...
THE SARGE'
WASN'T
KIDDING
WHEN HE SAID
YOU WERE
GOOD
LOOKING!

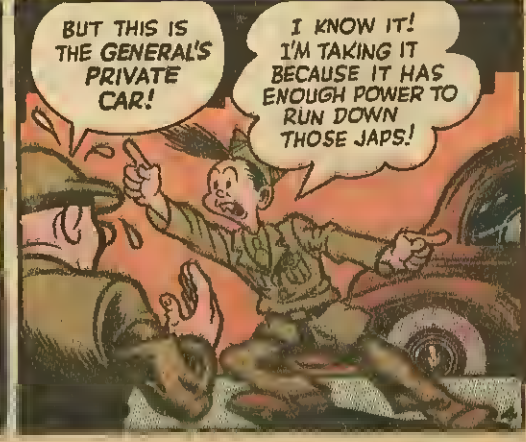
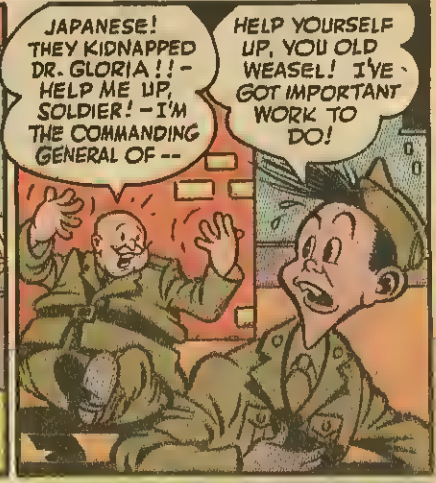
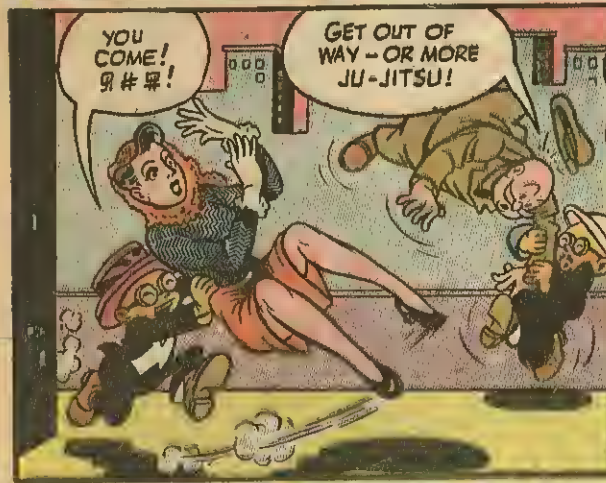


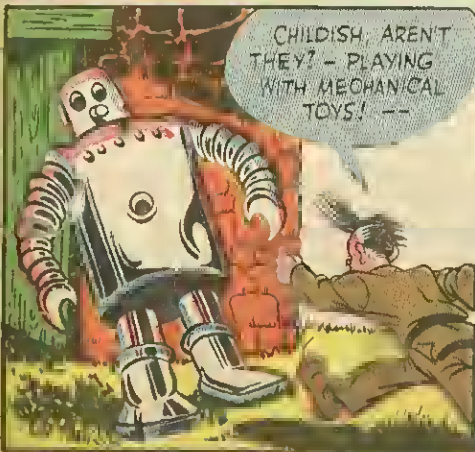
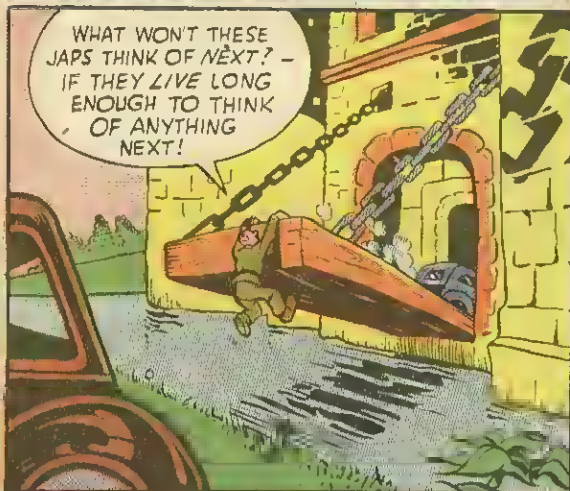
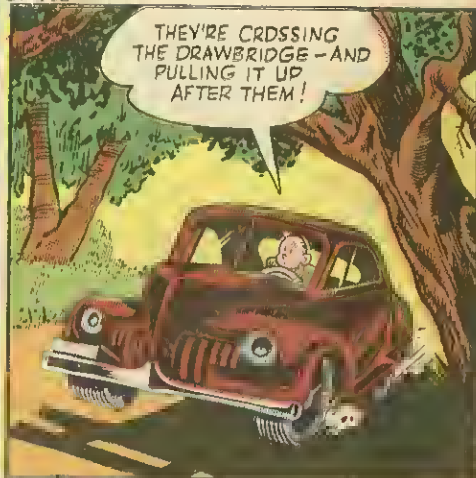


MILITARY COMICS

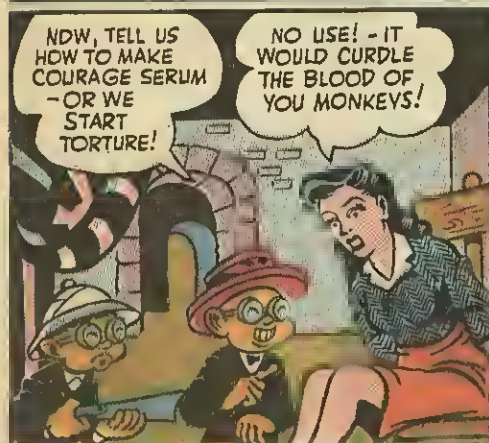
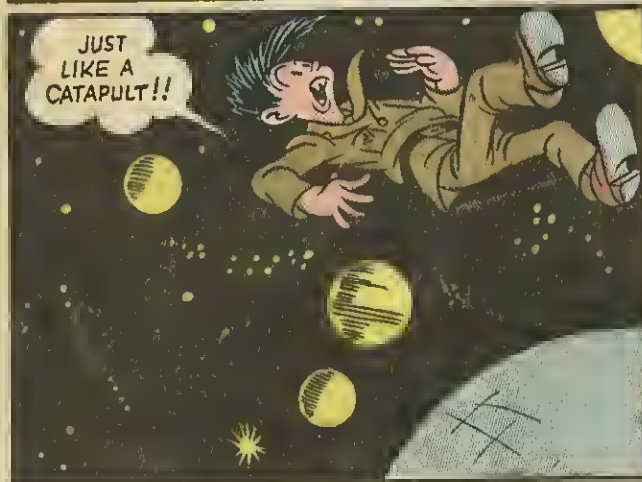
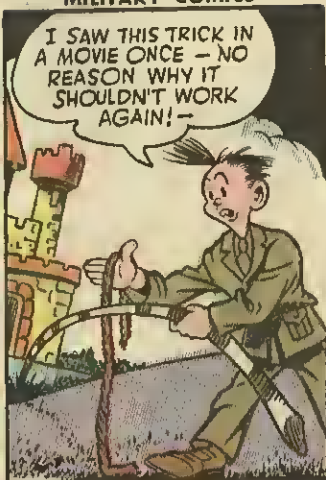


MILITARY COMICS

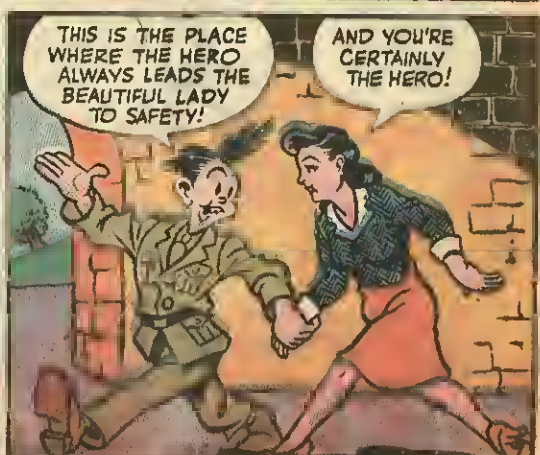
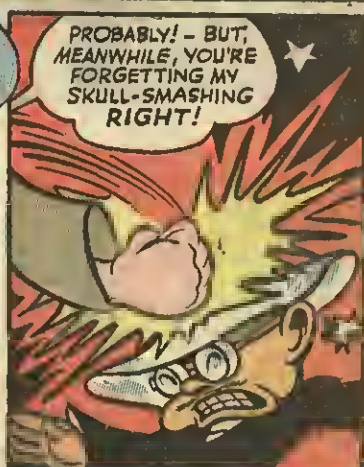
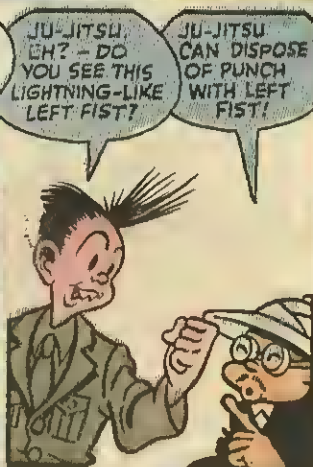
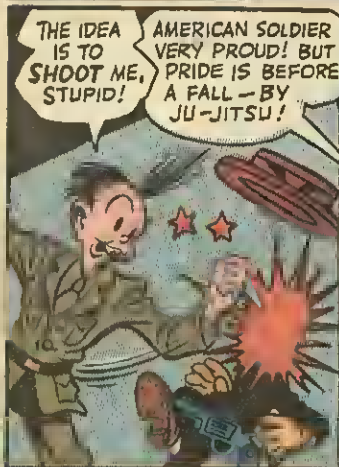
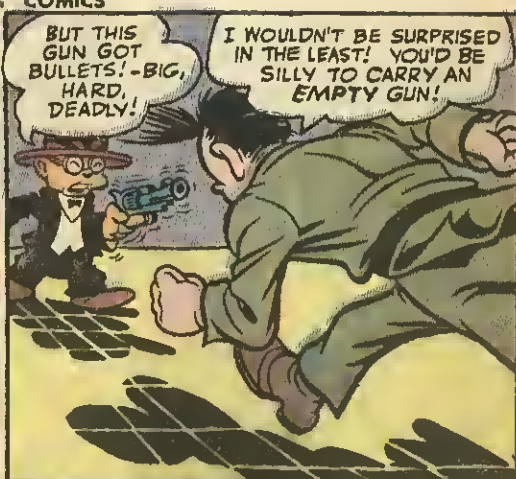


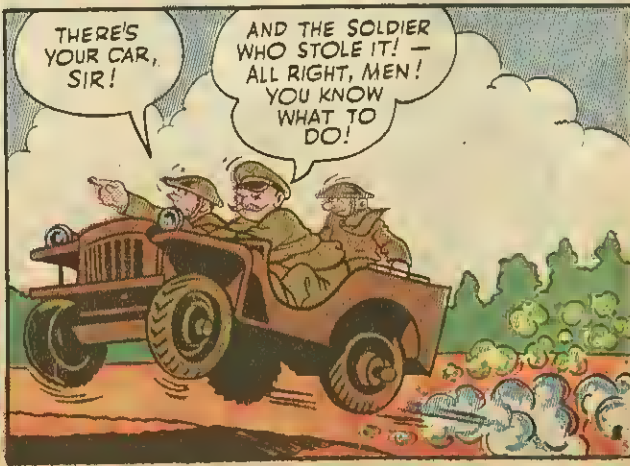
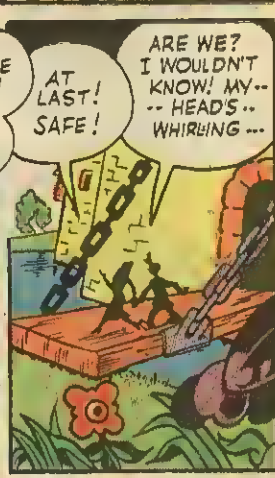
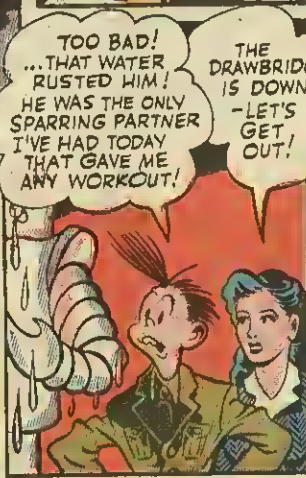
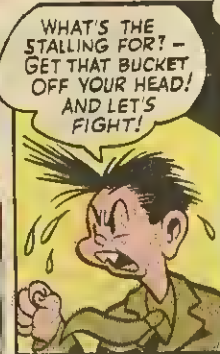
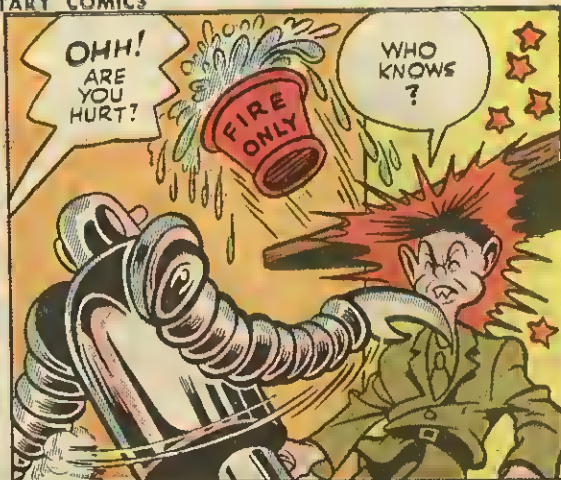


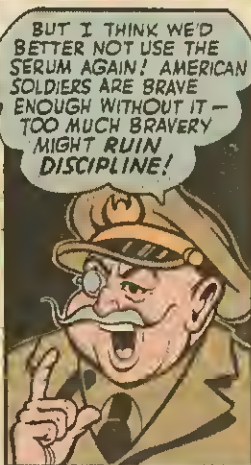
MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS







BUT PRIVATE DOGTAG WILL BE OUT IN TIME
FOR ANOTHER DIZZY DRAMA OF ARMY LIFE, IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

HEART OF A CORRESPONDENT

HE waddled up the gang-plank like an elfin roly-poly. He was red-faced and a shock of whitish hair stuck out under his service cap. His eyebrows were white too, and his eyes, a watery blue, gave you the impression of two pale grapes in a dish of strawberry jello.

I said to my buddy, Jim Manning, "Cripes, look what we have here! Seems the Marines are taking anything these days that has two legs."

Jim grinned. "Yeah, if you can call them two things stickin' out of him legs!"

Waldo Simms—that was his name—was no more than five-foot-four. And he was half that through. We got to know more about Waldo—who we'd dubbed "Whitey"—during that five-day ocean trip. Whitey was in a constant state of jitters, frightened of his shadow. He had been bludgeoned into the Marines by his wise-cracking acquaintances in the defense plant where he'd worked.

"I was 1-A and I didn't want to be inducted into the Army," Whitey said forlornly.

"But why the Marines," someone asked. "You ain't—ah—exactly stacked up for this type of thing, Whitey."

Whitey sighed. "I guess maybe you're right, but—well, I'm in now."

We let it go at that. He was in, all right, but we couldn't help wondering how he'd survived "boot," which is a tough period of preliminary training every Marine gets, let alone how he would fare in the business that awaited us. It was the sort of business that would go bad for a weekling—or a coward.

On the morning of the fifth day out, we made our destination under a thick blanket of fog. Just before we took to the shore boats, the Old Man gave us a pep talk there on deck. The gist of it was, "Do your best, fellows, and take no prisoners!"

That has been a sort of credo of the Marines—take no prisoners, or at least darn few. It isn't hard to decipher that cryptic phrase, is it?

I remember Whitey that misty, cold morning as he piled into the same boat with Jim and me. It was almost pathetic the way that little cuss shivered, whether from the biting cold or that other chill—fear, we hardly knew. But Whitey was actually quaking.

"C-cold, isn't it?" he chattered.

Jim chuckled. "It'll be plenty hot where we are going, Whitey."

I felt kind of sorry for Whitey. He looked so ineffectual, so positively—vulnerable. How in the world was that poor little lug going to fight those crack Nip devils? And brother, I mean they are tough hombres, as anybody who has sampled their kind of fighting will assure you! Some of us in that outfit had received the fire test at Wake. We knew!

I forgot to mention, Whitey had a kind of assignment with his hometown newspaper which, we figured, his joking friends had fixed up. Whitey fancied himself a news correspondent. He carried a thick note book, and frequently we'd see him jotting down stuff, with his pencil gripped in pudgy fingers and a rapt expression on his moon face. None of us had ever

seen what he wrote.

A half hour saw us landed and the transport under way. She had a convoy of three destroyers and they were to hover in the area until we found out how many of Japan's fleet were in the waters around the island.

We were what is known as a task force. We move in and try to hold the enemy until the Navy or Army comes along and mops up. I might say we'd done a pretty good job holding the Nips during the past few months, taking no prisoners "to speak of."

About noon they came over, a flock of Zeros, mothering a brood of bombers. They cut loose on the destroyers lying off shore. And then the sky was a devil's brew of bursting shells and flaming wreckage of planes.

I'll never forget Whitey as he watched that battle in the clouds—his first glimpse of one. He was utterly enthralled, and his pencil raced over the pad, recording, we presumed, the epic for his hometown news sheet.

The destroyers moved off, zigzagging, under a heavy smoke screen, and the Jap planes—three of them had been shot down—vanished to the north.

About four that afternoon the Old Man issued us orders for the "work" ahead. The Jap base was somewhere on the other side of the island. A small force would set out at nightfall, find the base, and do all the damage possible, while the main body of Marines moved up for the final blow.

"He wants Commandos, huh?" Whitey, standing beside us, whispered the question. I nodded.

The Old Man called for vol-

MILITARY COMICS

unteers. Jim Manning and I, and a bunch of other guys, stepped out. Then, to help me, out wobbled Whitey! He was quivering like jelly, but there was a glint in his Malaga grape eyes that had never been there before.

"Sir, I—" began Whitey plaintively.

"You—" The Old Man almost sputtered. Then to our amazement he said, "All right, Mr. Simms. You men will report for further orders to Captain Haines."

We left just after dark. Our business was to sneak along as silently as shadows, and we did. Even fat little Whitey—But they say a whole herd of elephants can move through the jungle in utter silence.

We reached the outskirts of the base about midnight. It looked mighty big for twenty men to tackle, and I wondered how far back the main force was. This Commando business is mighty dangerous work. You fan out—every man for himself. You slip up and knife sentries. You blast munitions dumps. You lob incendiaries on to barracks and grouped planes. You cause general consternation in the enemy ranks so that your fellows coming up catch them groggy.

I had just got my first sentry when the lid blew off the world. The explosion knocked me flat. One of the boys had located a munitions dump. Right after that a barracks some three hundred yards from me burst into violent flames and screaming Japs poured from it, half dressed, buckling on weapons. Brilliant light suddenly flooded the scene as flares blossomed in the black skies. I lay flat; hearing the *twang* of machine gun slugs going over me. Then someone drove a red-hot spike through my shoulder. I wriggled into some bushes, my left arm a thing of lead, and wondered if this was it. A fellow can crowd a heap of his lifetime into a moment like that,

and I don't mind saying I did some crowding!

Time is a relative thing. I don't know how long I lay there, but in a subconscious manner I knew our full force was on hand. The night was a hell of fire and bursting grenades and screaming. I guess I screamed when I saw a bunch of demon-eyed Japs coming at me through the red glow. I emptied my automatic rifle into them, using my right arm, and saw several of them foid up. But those behind leaped over their dead and came on. Their bayonets were a mile long.

The racking sobs, made me turn my head. Whitey was there beside me, on his knees, his face a bloody persimmon, gore dripping from an ugly gash over his eye. He was tugging at a "pineapple" dangling at his belt. It came free and he lobbed it at the Japs. They simply vanished, blown to bits.

With a squeal of fright, Whitey leaped to his feet and scampered like a rabbit. He was terror-stricken and I didn't blame him.

I guess I was a bit out of my head, for the scene had abruptly changed. I was slithering down into a huge fox hole filled with Marines. I caught a glimpse of the Old Man, crouched in the mud. Then I saw that everyone was staring agape at something beyond the shelter. I looked that way and gasped.

There was Whitey, standing in the blood-red glare, with his writing pad clutched in one hand and his pencil going like mad. Tracers snarled around him like phosphorescent bees.

"Hey, you fool!" I yelled. Whitey whirled and came bounding toward us. His face was ghastly, his mouth hanging open. I've never seen such a picture of fear. He reached the edge of the hole and we all heard the bullets hit him. He slid down among us, and a gout of blood welled from his back,

and then it plumed the front of his jacket. The slugs had gone through.

"I got it. I got the whole story!" He babbled like a sleep-walker, red foam on his lips. "For my paper. Look!" He shook the notebook before him. Then it was as if he suddenly awakened. He stared aghast at the hellish sky. And I believe he heard for the first time the sounds of battle. He began to shake and darted a glance around, as if looking for a place to duck.

It was then that the Jap grenade landed squarely in the middle of the dugout floor. It lay there, its fuse sputtering. And we stared at it, numbly, knowing this was the end.

With an eery cry, Whitey dived, sprawling on top of that steel hunk of death. Almost instantly it went off.

Well . . . this is the end of the story. Only one of the boys was injured by a piece of that bomb case. Whitey? He simply disappeared. All of him. Well, not quite. A few seconds after the explosion, several sheets of paper came fluttering down into the hole. They were pages from Whitey's writing pad. I picked one up, feeling a strange emptiness. I read the scrawled notes. They were not good reporting. But there was something written there that was better than any polished journalistic; something right from the heart of a great journalist. It was this:

"The Marines are swell fellows. Maybe someday, if I can stop being afraid, I'll be a good Marine—"

The Old Man cleared his throat noisily. There were tears in his eyes as he said, "God-almighty, he only saved the lives of twenty men just now! If that's being afraid—" He didn't go on; it was unnecessary.

Dear little roly-poly Whitey, don't worry, you're a good Marine, all right!

NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

PT Boat



Perry Tobias



Paul Harvey

THIS IS A STORY
OF COURAGE!

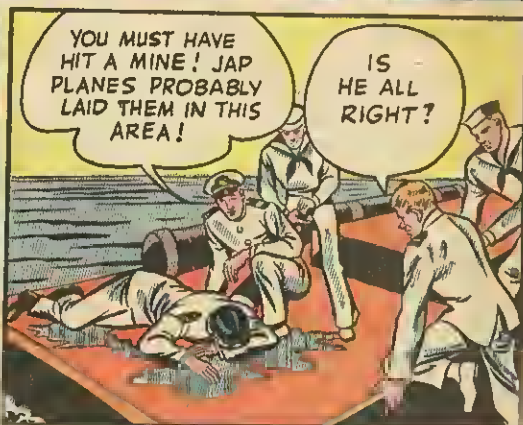
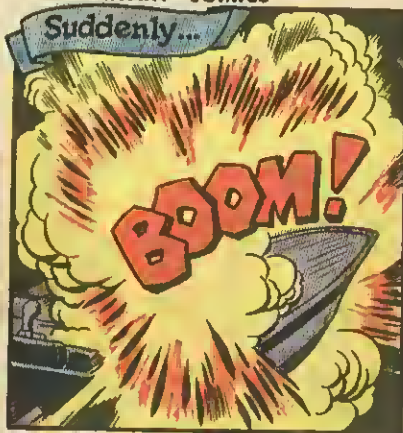
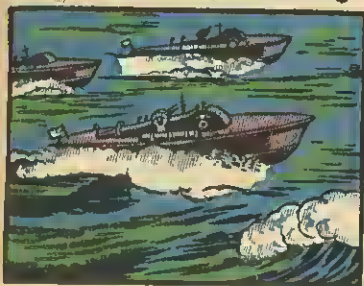
BECAUSE COURAGE IS ONE
OF THE GREATEST HUMAN EMOTIONS,
THIS ALSO IS A STORY OF MEN! ...
THE FACT THAT OUR TALE IS SET AGAINST
THE FLAMING BACKGROUND OF WAR, WITH
ITS DEEDS OF QUENCHLESS HEROISM AND
SHAMEFUL COWARDICE, IS MERELY INCIDENTAL!
FOR OUR STORY COULD HAPPEN ANYWHERE ...
IF IT **HAD** HAPPENED ANYWHERE ELSE,
WE ARE CERTAIN THAT THE ENDING
WOULD HAVE BEEN THE SAME!

*Read on.... WE THINK YOU'LL
AGREE WITH US!*

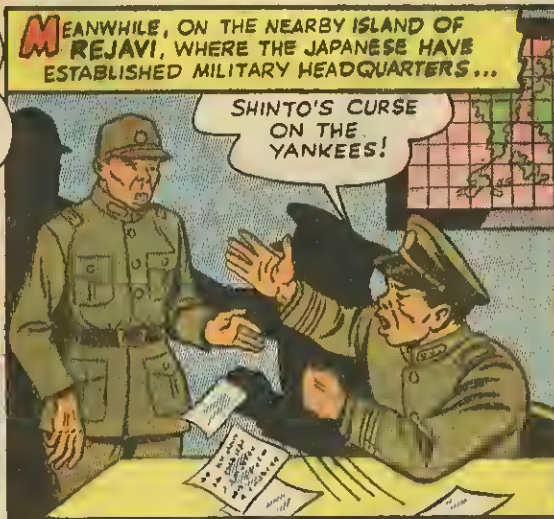
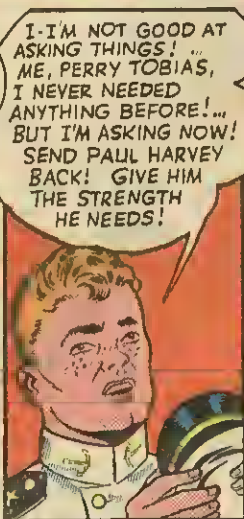
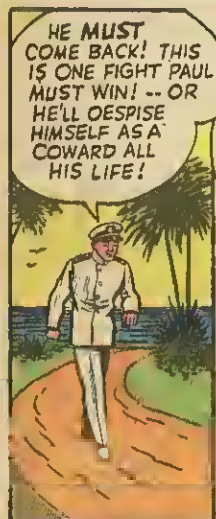
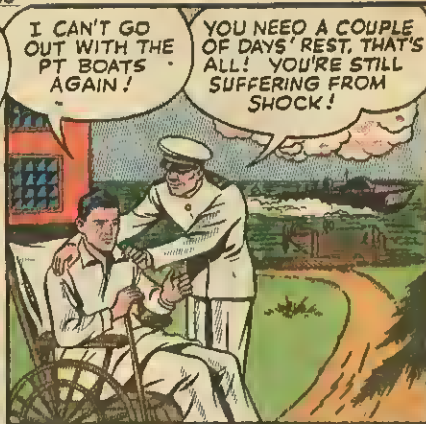
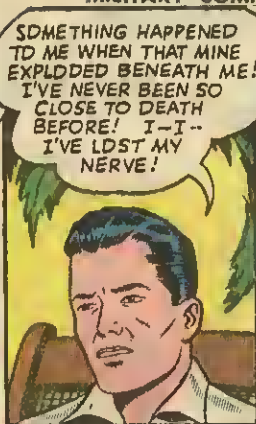
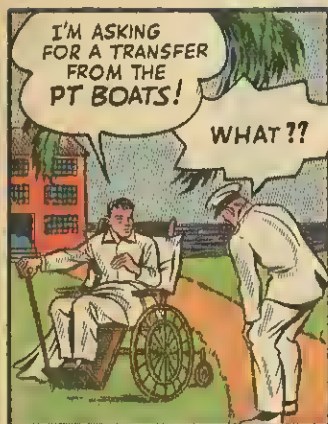


MILITARY COMICS

Unlike most stories, this one begins with the end.... MTB Squadron 6 is returning from a successful raid on Japanese coastal shipping...



MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS

SOLOMON ISH IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE JAPANESE COMMANDER...

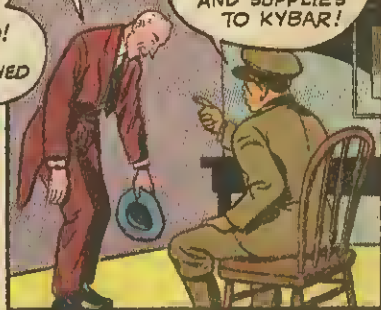
YOU OWN A FLEET OF SMALL FREIGHTERS WHICH FORMERLY BELONGED TO YOUR LATE BROTHER!

IT IS TRUE, EXALTED ONE!

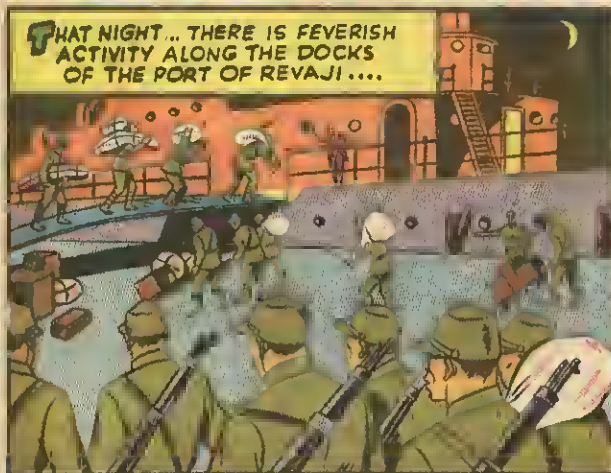
YOUR BROTHER WAS SHOT FOR RESISTING THE PEACEFUL JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF THIS ISLAND! WE GAVE YOU CONTROL OF HIS ESTATE IN RETURN FOR CERTAIN SERVICES TO BE RENDERED! NOW YOU CAN REPAY US FOR THE FAVOR BESTOWED UPON YOU!

I AM YOURS TO COMMAND!

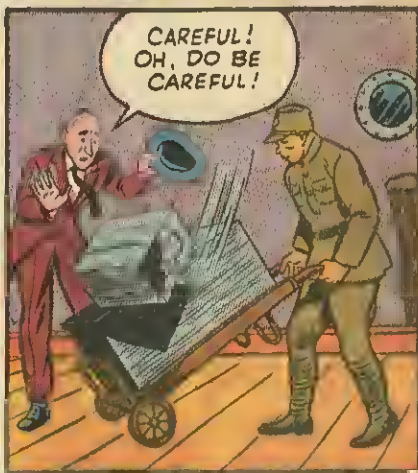
HAVE YOUR SHIPS READY WITHIN AN HOUR! THEY WILL CARRY JAPANESE TROOPS AND SUPPLIES TO KYBAR!



THAT NIGHT... THERE IS FEVERISH ACTIVITY ALONG THE DOCKS OF THE PORT OF REVAJI....



CAREFUL! OH, DO BE CAREFUL!



NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO MY LOVELY BOATS! THEIR MINE NOW AND I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE THEM HURT! THEY BELONG TO SOLOMON ISH!

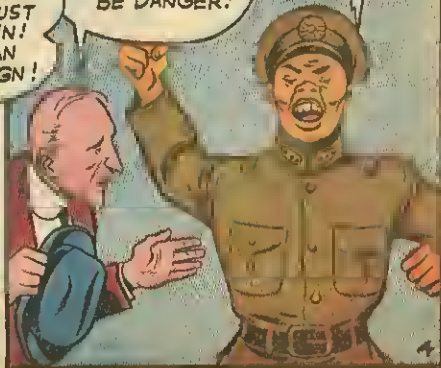
IF THE YANKEES SEE US, MORE THAN YOUR BOATS WILL BE HURT!

BEG PARDON! THIS UNWORTHY PERSON WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOUR EXCELLENCY!

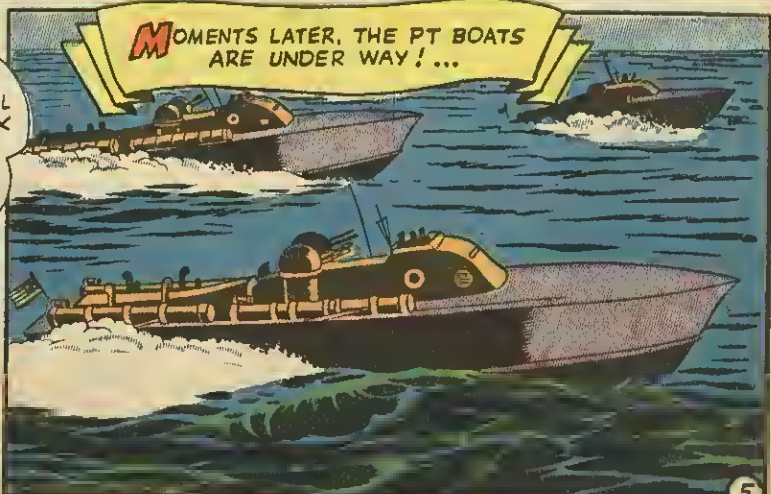
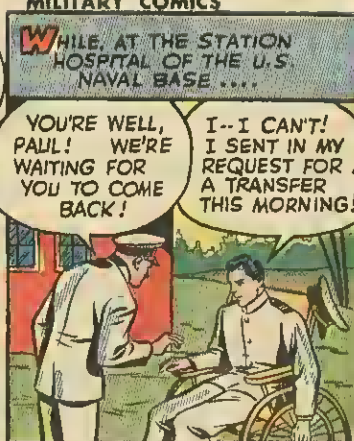
I HAVE NO TIME! THE BOATS MUST SAIL AT DAWN! I MUST PLAN OUR CAMPAIGN!

YOU CANNOT TAKE MY BOATS! THE YANKEES WILL SINK THEM! YOU DID NOT TELL ME THERE WOULD BE DANGER!

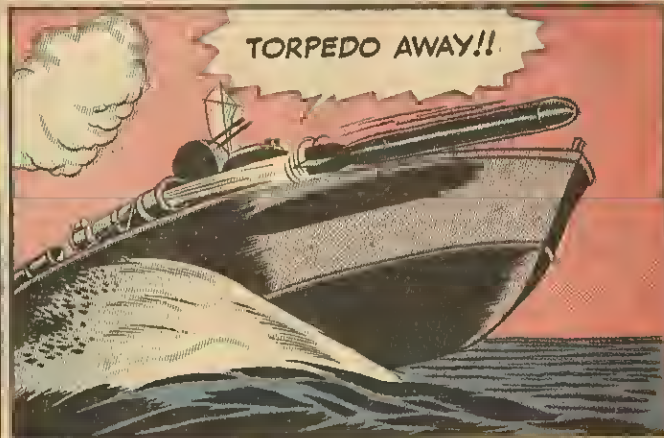
里回曲! GUARDS!



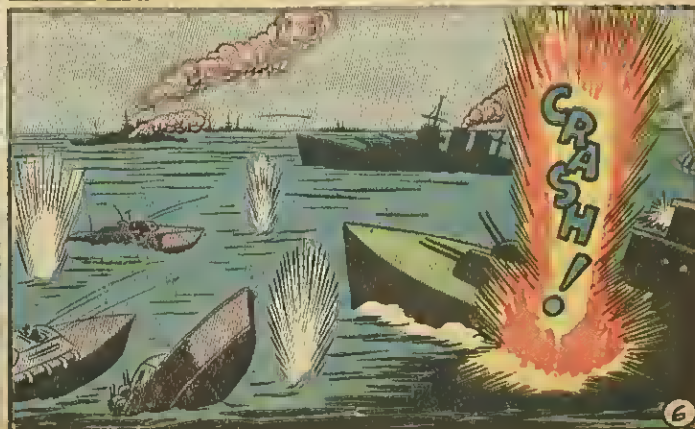
MILITARY COMICS



MILITARY COMICS



THE FLEET PT BOATS ROAR INTO BATTLE AGAINST
THE PROTECTING SCREEN OF JAP WARSHIPS... AND
FOR LONG, TERRIBLE MINUTES THE ISSUE OF THE
BATTLE HANGS IN DOUBT!



MILITARY COMICS



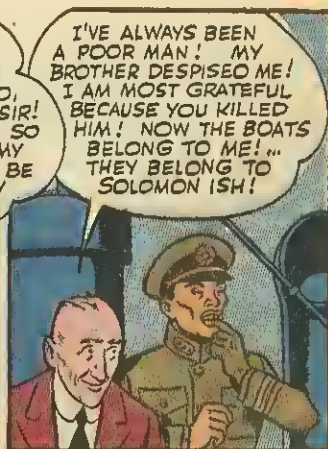
MILITARY COMICS



WE CAN'T FOLLOW THEM! THOSE WATERS ARE FULL OF JAP MINES!



LIKE I KNOW THE PALM OF MY HAND, HONORABLE SIR! I MADE MAPS SO THAT NONE OF MY BOATS WOULD BE SUNK HERE BY ACCIDENT!



I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A POOR MAN! MY BROTHER DESPISED ME! I AM MOST GRATEFUL BECAUSE YOU KILLED HIM! NOW THE BOATS BELONG TO ME! ... THEY BELONG TO SOLOMON ISH!



LOOK, PAUL!



THE JAP TRANSPORTS! THEY'VE GIVEN OUR BOYS THE SLIP!

THOSE WATERS ARE MINED! IT'S SURE DEATH TO GO IN THERE!

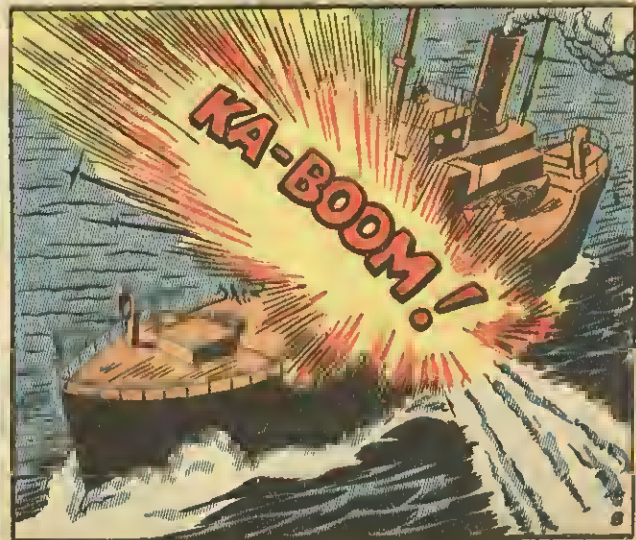


IT'S SURE DEATH FOR JAPS! WATCH MY SMOKE! WE'LL SINK THAT FIRST TRANSPORT AND BLOCK THE CHANNEL!



TORPEDO AWAY-Y....!!

PERRY! ... YOU'RE HIT!!



KA-BOOM!



THE PACIFIC PATROL

U.S. BOMBERS FROM ALEUTIANS
HIT PARAMUSHIRO IN 2,000
MILE ROUND TRIP FLIGHT.

WERE OFF! IT'S
1,000 MILES TO THAT
BIG JAP BASE ON THE
KURILE ISLANDS. BUT
OUR B-24 LIBERATORS
AND B-25 MITCHELLS
CAN DO IT!

FOG, SLEET,
AND SNOW! ANY-
THING ELSE TO
CONTEND WITHON
THIS TRIP!

THERE'S THE TARGET! YEAH! AND HERE COME THE
ZEROS!

BOMBS
AWAY!

THE JAP BASE OF PARAMUSHIRO IS BLASTED AND 10 ZEROS SHOT DOWN IN THE AIR BATTLE.

THOSE NIPS ARE
TOUGH! THEY
KNOCKED DOWN
10 OF OUR
BOMBERS-BUT
THEY DIDN'T
GO DOWN IN
VAIN!



This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

THE RISE AND FALL OF MUSSOLINI

For the past decade and longer Mussolini was dictator of Italy and during his rise to power he brought about many changes in the lives of the easy going Italians. Although his undemocratic and strong-arm rule was repugnant to our way of life, he materially improved Italy by literally cleaning it up, modernizing the cities, and making the trains run on time. All in all, Mussolini did a lot of good for his country until this bombastic showman fell under the influence of Adolf Hitler and little by little, sold his country down the river to the Nazis. The Italian people had no desire to partake in Europe's blood-bath and were defeated everywhere. The final blow came when the Allies invaded Sicily and the Italian mainland. After seeing their homeland become a battlefield, King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio kicked Mussolini out of power and surrendered to Great Britain and the United States.



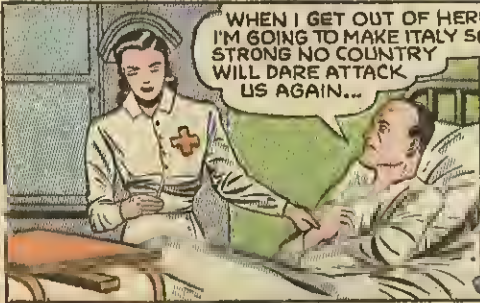
IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR BENITO MUSSOLINI SERVED IN THE ITALIAN ARMY...



SANTA MARIA! THEY GOT ME!



WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE I'M GOING TO MAKE ITALY SO STRONG NO COUNTRY WILL DARE ATTACK US AGAIN...



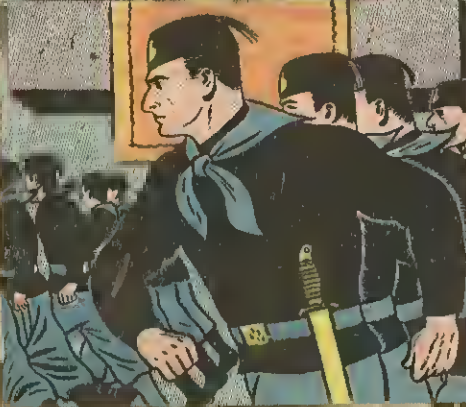
A FEW YEARS LATER A NEW ITALIAN POLITICAL PARTY IS FORMED...THE FASCISTI...ITS LEADER IS MUSSOLINI...

IT IS TIME WE TOOK CONTROL OF ITALY...COME! WE MARCH ON ROME!



BUT YOUR MAJESTY, GIVE ME A BATTALION OF TROOPS AND I'LL DISPERSE THIS MUSSOLINI AND HIS RABBLE!

NO! GENERAL BADOGLIO! LET HIM HAVE A CHANCE! MAYBE MUSSOLINI CAN IMPROVE ITALY!



I NOW APPOINT YOU PREMIER OF ITALY-

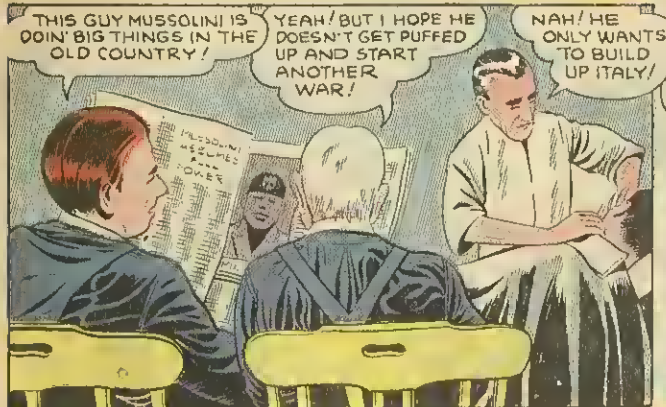
FROM NOW ON I AM THE DUCE! THE LEADER OF ITALY! WHAT THE PEOPLE NEED IS MILITARY TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE!



MILITARY COMICS

THE DUCE'S INFLUENCE IS FELT AROUND THE WORLD AND ITALY PROSPERS AND IMPROVES....

IN ITALY THE NOTORIOUSLY GRAFT-RIDDEN RAILROADS ARE OVERHAULED AND FOR THE FIRST TIME RUN ON SCHEDULE..



BUT ACROSS THE ALPS IN GERMANY ANOTHER STRONG MAN ARISES FROM THE RUINS OF HIS COUNTRY...HIS NAME IS ADOLPH HITLER...



MILITARY COMICS

CONVINCED OF THE MIGHT OF HITLER'S GERMANY, MUSSOLINI COMES UNDER THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF THE MAD MAN FROM MUNICH...



IN QUICK SUCCESSION THE ARMIES OF POLAND, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND ARE DEFEATED BY THE NAZI HORDES ON THE BLOODY BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE...



DID YOU HEAR THE LATEST FROM EUROPE? THE PAPER SAYS "ITALIAN TROOPS STRIKE FRANCE IN THE BACK!"

MUSSOLINI MARCHED IN AT THE LAST MINUTE WHEN FRANCE WAS HELPLESS! WHAT A GUY!



LET'S CELEBRATE! EUROPE IS OURS! WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO FEAR FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA? THOSE DEMOCRACIES ARE TOO SOFT TO TROUBLE US!



MILITARY COMICS

BUT ON DECEMBER 7, 1941, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR AGAINST JAPAN, GERMANY, AND ITALY...

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

WITH THE AID OF AMERICA, THE BRITISH HAVE RE-ARMED! YOU MUST ATTACK THEM IN AFRICA AND MAKE THE MEDITERRANEAN AN ITALIAN LAKE!

WE SHALL START AT ONCE!

THESE EYETIES ARE PUSHOVERS!

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE BLUE CHIPS ARE DOWN THEY DON'T LIKE TO FIGHT OUTSIDE OF ITALY. THEY DON'T LIKE THE GERMANS ANYWAY!

SUDDENLY THE YANKS LAND ON SICILY!

THE ITALIAN GENERALS AND MEN SEEM GLAD TO GIVE UP!

THEY CONSIDER US THEIR FRIENDS! THAT'S ITALIAN GENERAL MOLINERO WITH THE SCAR ON HIS CHEEK! HE'S SURRENDERING PALERMO TO OUR GENERAL GEOFFREY KEYES!

I DEMAND AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING! I WANT FULL POWERS TO HALT SABOTAGE AND THE COWARDLY DESERTION OF OUR ARMIES ON SICILY!

THIS WAY, SIR!

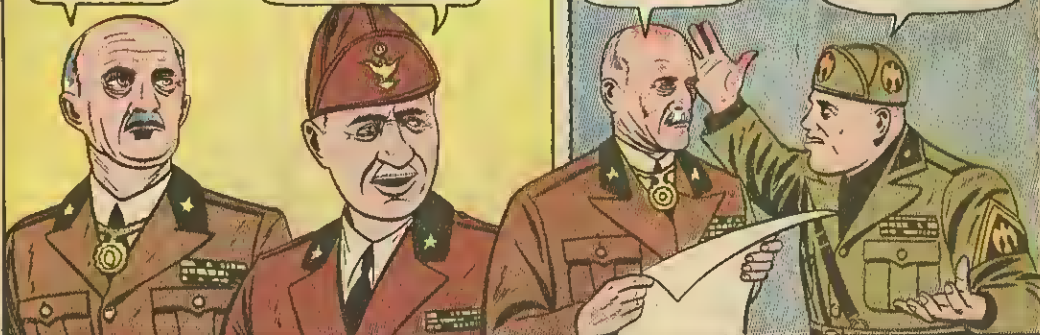
IN THE ROYAL PALACE, KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND PIETRO BADOGGIO AWAIT MUSSOLINI...

WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR IL DUCE THIS TIME!

YES/HE HAS GONE TOO FAR AND ITALY IS THREATENED WITH INVASION!

I MUST INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SUCCESSOR IS MARSHAL BADOGGIO! YOU WILL PUT YOURSELF AT HIS DISPOSAL!

WHAT ?? I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO OPPOSE YOU! I WILL GO AND GET MY FASCISTS!



MY CAR AND SPECIAL GUARDS - THEY ARE GONE! WHAT ARE YOU ROYAL GUARDS DOING HERE?

YOUR EXCELLENCY, I HAVE RECEIVED AN ORDER TO ARREST YOU! COME WITH US!

OUT OF MY WAY, DOG! I AM MUSSOLINI!

BUT NO LONGER IL DUCE! SEIZE HIM, MEN! HE'S DOING IT THE HARD WAY!



YOU ARE IN OUR POWER, SIR! DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE!

GET THE STRETCHER!

NOW TAKE HIM AWAY TO PRISON!

HE'S STRAPPED TO THE STRETCHER SO HE WON'T MAKE ANY MORE TROUBLE!



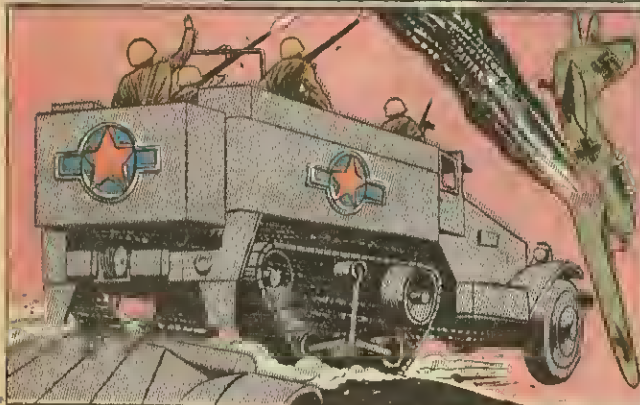
MILITARY COMICS



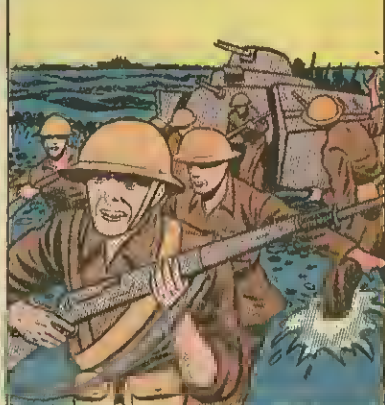
BUT WITH ITALY IN TURMOIL FOLLOWING MUSSOLINI'S SUDDEN DOWNFALL, THE GERMANS MARCH IN AND SEIZE CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY...



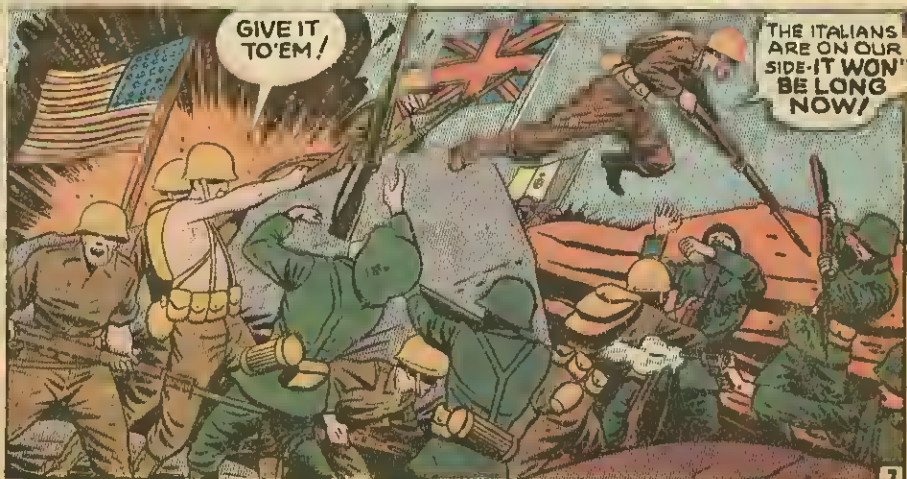
THE AMERICAN FIFTH ARMY LANDS ON THE WEST COAST OF THE ITALIAN BOOT...



THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY SWARMS UP THE EAST COAST...



AND TOGETHER, THE YANKS AND BRITISH SWEEP UP THROUGH ITALY TO BATTLE THE NAZIS...



OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

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AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

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dependable storm glass. The
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which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of imitations.

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4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition It—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.

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Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

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Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

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29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name.....
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AS YOU RECEIVE IT

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EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Years free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every touch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When potted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms luxuriantly. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. The plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is called very high in plant evolution.

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